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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

MISS TOPSY SINDEN.

Both Terpsichore and Diana seem to have taken Miss Topsy Sinden under their special protection, for, in addition to being one of the most graceful dancers on the English stage, she is, perhaps, the only feminine member of the profession who can boast of having won a fifty-yards race, of which achievement one may safely say that Miss Topsy is prouder than of any of her other triumphs.

Although she admits to being in the "sweet seventeen" stage of her existence, Miss Sinden does not look her age, and neither the glare of the footlights nor the dangers of constant "making up" have robbed her eyes of their sparkle, nor her cheeks of their bloom and dimples.

"When did I make my début?" she echoed thoughtfully, "why, more years ago than I care to remember. In fact, I made my very first appearance when I was only six years old. But I was just as old again when what I should call my real début took place as principal dancer in 'The Old Guard,' under Mr. Horace Lingard. I next had the good fortune of being engaged by Sir Augustus Harris to play the title rôle of Cinderella in the pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre in 1889."

"But I suppose that all this meant real hard work at some time of your youthful life—the most elementary skirt dancing has surely to be learnt?"

"Indeed, yes," she replied, smiling, "and I assure you that my training was anything but elementary. I was apprenticed to Madame Katti Lanner for nine years, and both she and Signor Francesco taught me every variety of step dancing. No one knows till they have tried it," she continued, shaking her head, "how hard learning dancing is; but I thoroughly enjoyed my training, and am never really so happy as when dancing alone or in public. While telling you of my training, I should mention my brother, Bertie Sinden, who although quite two years younger than myself, invented and taught me a Lancashire clog dance, which we performed together with great success at the London Empire."

"I suppose that he is still your great helper and partner?"

A shadow swept over the bright face. "Till three years ago," she answered, "neither of us scarcely ever performed without the other. For instance, in 'Cinderella' he was the Baron, and we acted together with great success in a little military sketch written by my father, Mr. Augustus Sinden, specially for us, entitled 'The Blue Hussar.' In this I was dressed up as a Vivandière of the 11th Hussars and my brother as a Cossack. We acted it in the benefit entertainment given to the survivors of the famous Six Hundred in St. James's Hall in 1890,

and the old gentlemen were highly delighted with it. That was one of the last few times that Bertie and I acted together, for he had a terrible accident, which has prevented him doing anything during the last three years. I am glad to say, however, that he is now well," she concluded cheerfully, "and will be at work again soon."

"I believe that you have also played in the provinces a great deal?"

"Yes; some time ago I was acting at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, when Miss Marie Montrose, who was acting Red Riding Hood, fell ill, and I was asked to immediately assume her part. Of course, I felt rather nervous; but all went well, so I rather enjoyed the experience than otherwise."

"I understand, Miss Topsy, that you are an expert with the sword, and could join, at a moment's notice, were it necessary, the Continental corps of lady duellists?"

"Well, I must admit that I delight in fencing," she replied, laughing. "I was taught by Sergeant-Major Noble, and should always advise any girl who goes in for dancing to become familiarised with the rapier, for it greatly adds to one's grace of movement. I notice that this is especially the case with anything like skirt dancing."

"And now, Miss Sinden, you are a 'Gaiety girl'?"

"I suppose I may call myself so, for I belong to the company, and when Miss Sylvia Grey sprained her foot I took her place for a while. I am now busily rehearsing the part of Don Juan's Vision, a delightful rôle."

"You have said nothing yet about your gold medals."

"I have only two," she replied, blushing; "that awarded to me for elocution by Mr. Beer-bohm Tree, and the one I won at the Theatrical Football Match at Everton. I did enjoy that experience"—and Miss Topsy's eyes sparkled brightly. "There was a ladies' race. I don't know what made me go in for it; for, you know, dancing and running are slightly different. But still, 'nothing venture, nothing have,' and I found that I managed to make the pace, after all."

And the young lady's mother added that this famous ladies' race, which took place in the presence of the Mayor, made so great an impression that a local bard celebrated the occasion in the following lines—

And what about the race *des dames*,
The graces of the field?
For elegant agility
We must to Topsy yield.
She showed the men a trick or two
In lightness of the toes;
But, then, her many fetching charms
Sure everybody knows.

"One word more, Miss Topsy: have you any views on dancing? It is always interesting to hear an expert on her art."



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

MISS TOPSY SINDEN.

"I consider," she answered diffidently, "that all those who wish to become professional dancers should begin by a thorough course of training. Of course, there is a great deal of drudgery connected with the learning of anything. Then, as to the dances themselves, originality is essential, and the dancer who can invent a new form or style is indeed fortunate, for during at least a short time the ball is at her feet. But before you can invent a new step or dance you must know the first principles of the art, and they are by no means as easy to acquire as many of us believe. I cannot help feeling a good deal of admiration for any good dancer, for I know quite well what he or she must have gone through to attain any degree of facility and grace."



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

BERTIE SINDEN AS THE BARON IN "CINDERELLA."

And with this kindly *envoi* to her many colleagues of the light, fantastic toe, Miss Topsy Sinden then disappeared to rejoin the company at rehearsal.

"THE LADY KILLER," "BINKS," AND "MIAMI."

The joke in the first title is a kind of bull, for Mr. Bernard Brown, the hero, killed no one, though some of the unsophisticated nearly died of laughter at the piece. It is not high art, nor modern work, but it contains more laughter than many an ambitious farcical comedy that would sneer at it as mere farce. In construction it is almost a masterpiece, and, however one may dislike the well-made, serious play, one must admit that pure craftsmanship is of first importance in laughter pieces. Moreover, it has some real character drawing, for the two old gentlemen who form the chief comic parts are as unlike one another as two April days. The man who cannot laugh at Mr. Edouin's grim satisfaction over the misfortunes of others, at Mr. Paulton's comic despair, at Mrs. Lewis's hysterical horror when she believes herself mother-in-law of a murderer, and at Miss Annie Goward's lodging-house-landlady humours needs the attention of his doctor. Into the bargain is "Binks, the Downy Photographer," which calls itself a musical absurdity. There is too much of it, and one number, Miss Atherton's sentimental song, might well be cut. Her imitations of music-hall artistes is a very clever piece of work, and she sings a ballad with idiotic words about "gay Parre" with wonderful "go." Mr. Ernest Bucalossi's music, though unpretentious, has plenty of life and gaiety in it.

I think every being in the theatre was anxious that Mr. John Hollingshead's last venture in management should be a success. "Miami," so says the facetious programme—one may call a programme facetious that, after an advertisement of sausages, puts the line from Shelley's "Indian Serenade," "I arise from dreams of thee"—has been compiled by Mr. Hollingshead out of the old Adelphi drama, "The Green Bushes." The choice was unhappy, since it involved the disappearance of the tenor after the second act. The management is lucky to get a tenor of quality to take the part at all. There are cases, no doubt, when one is glad to get rid of what Mark Twain calls the vainest creature on the earth; but Mr. Courtice Pounds is not one of the cases. Moreover, the scruples that led the adapter to retain the low comedy humours and even condense them, have proved unfortunate, since a mixture of pantomime puns and romantic music is too much like a dish of tripe and truffles: it is fine variegated matter, as the gentleman said of the dictionary, but a little discordant. However, I seem drifting into the superior person attitude, for, to be honest, the audience enjoyed the jokes, and was delighted by the music, though puzzled by the lyrics, which contain verbal mysteries that would confound a Rosicrucian. Moreover, the company is a very good one. Miss Jessie Bond, when she saw Sir Arthur Sullivan in one of the boxes, determined to show him what a loss the Savoy has sustained in her departure, so she acted and danced admirably, and sang as prettily as ever. Mr. Pounds was in capital voice, and Miss Girardot—though, I fear, her style will wear out her apparatus very quickly—was as charming in her singing as her appearance. Mr. Parry's music shows little originality or courage—in fact, it seems less ambitious and less graceful than it was in "Cigarette."

E. F.-S.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

The first time that I met Charles Gounod (writes a correspondent) he was standing in his friend Émile Augier's garden, holding by the hand his favourite grandchild. The little boy, then aged about six—a fair, tanned little lad—was dressed in a fantastic brown leather costume, which was intended, explained his proud grandfather, to recall the days of Gaul and fair Lutèce. Gounod, in his family circle and with old friends, was as amiable and kindly in manner as were most illustrious Frenchmen of his age. He rarely alluded to his own work, yet almost unconsciously betrayed at every moment of his life what was to him the one thing worth living for: a child's cry, a bird's song, the patter of the rain, the sun-gleams which made the chestnut groves near his home beautiful with light and colour, were all to him an excuse for speaking of music. He composed with extraordinary rapidity, generally in the early morning, and several of the airs which have obtained a lasting popularity were



CHARLES GOUNOD.

conceived and worked out far more easily than some of his more elaborate compositions. He delighted in the spring, and his own two favourite songs were named respectively "Le Printemps" and "Au Printemps," both of which, though very different, translate with exquisite feeling the blossoming forth and the coming warmth of a French May.

Montretout, where the Gounod family spent all the summer months of the year, is not only on the edge of the Forest of St. Germain, but surrounded by chestnut-pine woods, where grow the sweet-scented lilies-of-the-valley which for a too short season make the streets of Paris fragrant during the Easter days of each year. Through those woods round Marly and Bougival, Gounod and Jules Barbier, the poet to whose words almost all of his music was set, would take long, quiet rambles, discussing their business and pleasure.

England—once so sweet a word in the ears of Charles Gounod—was not often heard spoken in his presence of late years. It may, indeed, be doubted whether he ever recovered from the annoyance caused him by his quarrel with Mrs. Weldon, and yet to the end scarce a week passed but he received letters and humble gifts from countless English admirers and friends, and his oratorios have never been performed in France or on the Continent as they have been here.

Like Mozart, he spent the last months of his life working at a Requiem Mass, which will probably be published in a few weeks. Few people are aware that as a young man Gounod was within an ace of entering the priesthood, and a number of his first musical compositions were actually signed by him "M. l'Abbé Gounod." He remained to the last a fervent Catholic, and made it his duty as well as his pleasure to play the organ each Sunday in his parish church.

MISS TOPSY SINDEN.



Photo by A. Debenham, Regent Street, W.
AS "THE BLUE HUSSAR."



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.
AS A SKIRT DANCER.



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.
IN "IN TOWN."



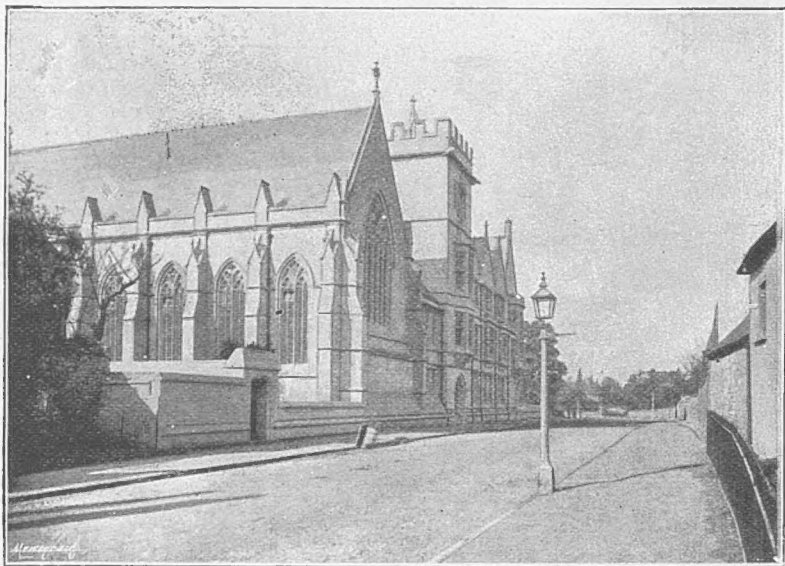
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.
AS A SKIRT DANCER.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The thirteenth week of the coal strike has opened with 230,000 persons still out of work. Only a third of that number have returned to work at the old rate of wages. The Coalowners' Federation have asked the Mayor of Sheffield to name six chartered accountants to examine the books of three representative collieries in each district for the purpose of ascertaining what the earnings of the men really were before the stoppage.

While the Government inquiry is being held at Wakefield to inquire into the riot at Featherstone, similar disturbances have broken out at St. Helens. At one colliery an onslaught was made on blacklegs, and many police officers were injured. At another, the police, who were mounted, had the better of the strikers, chasing them for two miles.

Manchester College is the name of the latest addition to the colleges of Oxford. Mansfield was built for Congregationalists, and now Manchester College has been shifted from Manchester—where it was



MANCHESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

built in 1786 with a dedication "To Truth, to Liberty, to Religion"—to Oxford to uphold Unitarianism. The new college was opened with great ceremony on Thursday. It has cost £55,000.

Widespread regret will be caused by the misfortune that has overtaken Sir Andrew Clark, who has been prostrated by a paralytic attack.

A youth from Leeds, who is supposed to have murdered his father and mother, has committed suicide in a canal. Another man has given himself up for the murder of his father at Stroud on Thursday.

Sir Simeon Stuart, Bart., late Lieutenant in the 5th Dragoon Guards, has been elected City Marshal. He is just nine-and-twenty, is an Essex landlord, a Freemason, and a sportsman.

Lord Vivian, the British Ambassador at Rome, died there on Saturday morning from acute pneumonia. He was just entering his sixtieth year.

Mr. A. J. Balfour is likely to lose some money over a New Zealand firm of solicitors, who received numerous sums of money—including £1200 from Mr. Balfour—to invest in the colony. They have been committed for trial on a charge of fraud.

The visit of the British squadron to Taranto has been a great success. The Mayor said the hospitality offered to the visitors was nothing compared with that afforded by England to the exiled patriots who made Italy.

What is Mr. Gladstone's nationality? Scotland, Wales, and England in turn had that honour. From a letter which appears in M. du Chaillu's novel, "Ivar the Viking," a new light dawns on us. "I am," he writes, "a man of Scotch blood only," qualifying that as half Highland and half Lowland, near the Border. "A branch of my family settled in Scandinavia in the first half, I think, of the seventeenth century. When I have been in Norway or Denmark, or among Scandinavians, I have felt something like a cry of nature from within, asserting, credibly or otherwise, my nearness to them."

A drill competition of London School Board children is to be held in the Albert Hall on Nov. 28. One member of the Board at last week's meeting denounced it as "training for the ballet." He was in minority, however, of one.

Dublin has good reason to be proud of Surgeon Parke, and it means to do him honour. A movement has been set on foot to raise

a permanent memorial to perpetuate his name and his life-work. It has been suggested that a statue in Dublin was the best form any memorial could take, but the members of Dr. Parke's family will be consulted in the first place.

News from Mashonaland is of a somewhat confusing kind. The most exciting item is the attack on the Matabele by two columns in the neighbourhood of Indaima's Mountain, on the right bank of the river Tokwō, midway between Forts Victoria and Charter. The attack seems to have been made with the intention of seizing Lobengula's cattle. In the first skirmish Captain Campbell was shot in the leg and died from the effects of amputation. The Matabele fled; but in the second skirmish the tables were turned, and the South Africa Company's force fled. This, it is believed, will simply have the effect of encouraging the Matabele.

The Liberator Relief Fund amounts to £30,226, of which £10,682 has been disbursed in temporary assistance, 2042 people putting in claims. The sufferers, however, lost £598,345.

Much wild talk resounded in Trafalgar Square on Saturday evening, when a meeting of the "Commonweal" group of the Anarchist Communists was held "to expose the fallacy of Labour representation." One speaker declared that Mr. John Burns and the other Labour representatives in Parliament did the workers more harm than the capitalist M.P.'s.

On Sunday another demonstration of political clubs, trade unions, and Socialistic bodies was held in the Square, in favour of universal suffrage, the payment of members, and second ballots.

Lucky Lever! The makers of Sunlight soap last week received the diploma of honour, the highest award at the Chicago Exhibition, also a gold medal at the Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa, and a gold medal at the London Exhibition, Ontario.

Cruelty to children is not monopolised by what is known as the "lower orders." The shocking Irish case is still fresh in the memory, and now a "lady and gentleman"—by courtesy—of independent means at Chester have been condemned respectively to nine months' and six months' hard labour for the most revolting cruelty to their two sons, the one aged three years and the other twenty-one months.

A man who has spent twenty-six years of his life in prison for horse-stealing had three years added to his record by the Common Serjeant on Thursday for stealing a £40 horse from a field at Stanmore.

Gaming clubs seem irrepressible in the Metropolis. A man who kept such a club in Fleet Street has been fined £100, and two men who



AT THE PORTHOLE.—BY PHIL MAY.
With apologies to the "Graphic."

used it were fined £50 each. Two Germans and four other men appear to-morrow at Marlborough Street Police Court in connection with a raid on a house in Kensington.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Every Evening at 8.45, MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS (including Miss Ada Rehan, James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, Arthur Bourchier, George Clarke, Isabel Irving, &c.) in F. C. Burnand's new farcical comedy, *THE ORIENT EXPRESS*; preceded at 8.15 by *THE RING OF POLYCRATES*. MATINEES, Saturday, Oct. 28 and Nov. 4, at Two. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Tree, Sole Lessee and Manager.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, Henry Arthur Jones's New Play, "THE TEMPTER." MR. TREE as "THE TEMPTER." MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5.





LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

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The Russians arrived in Paris on the morning of Tuesday, Oct. 17, and met with the most enthusiastic reception imaginable. Their headquarters, the Cercle Militaire, is most profusely decorated with blue-and-white flags, while the Place de l'Opéra, on to which the club looks, is a scene of unrivalled gaiety and brightness, with its ribbons, flags, and newly erected obelisk of many colours. After partaking of the traditional bread and salt, Russian fashion, the party proceeded to the Russian Church, Rue Daru, where they attended a "Te Deum." Shouts of "Vive la Russie!" from the crowds were answered back by the officers with "Vive la France!" while flowers and presents were thrown into the carriages, which several of the younger ones acknowledged by kissing their hands repeatedly, and this more than delighted the populace, as may be imagined. In the evening Paris was, and continues to be, one mass of illuminations, far outrivalling the National Fête of July 14.

The *Figaro* has been complaining, and very justly too, of the carelessness of the Paris telephone service. Last week a journalist asked for the *Figaro*, and was put in communication with a news agency by mistake, to which he recounted a very new and important piece of news, and only found out the next morning that he had, through the carelessness of the telephone people, been assisting a rival at the expense of his own paper. Very riling for the journalist and the *Figaro*, but amusing all the same.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has lately accepted "Circe," a modern three-act comedy by M. Armand d'Artois, which she proposes to produce shortly after Christmas.

M. de Ségonzac has been acquitted of the charge of causing the death of his comrade, Lieutenant Quiquerez, in Africa. This decision was carried by a majority of four of the members of the Council of War, at St. Louis, West Africa, where the trial took place, and, accordingly, M. de Ségonzac was set at liberty.

Quite the smartest American wedding ever seen in Paris was that of Miss Flora Davis, only daughter of Mr. John H. Davis, of Wall Street, New York, and Lord Terence Blackwood, second son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, which took place on Monday, Oct. 16. There was previously a civil marriage, followed by a dinner by the bride's father and stepmother at the Hôtel Dominici.

The ceremony proper took place at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Avenue de l'Alma, which was most beautifully decorated for the occasion. The four bridesmaids wore the same style of dress, but all in different colours, while the muffs and hats, again, were in quite different colours from the dresses in each case. The effect was very pretty and novel. The bride's dress was copied from a very old picture, which Mr. "Jack" Worth saw at the Retrospective Exhibition, and which also was a great success. The trousseau was magnificent, and included dresses and mantles from Paquin—who is the man nowadays—Doucet, Worth, and Rouff. The underlinen was in batiste, trimmed with real lace and marked "Flora," and made by Jeanne Hallée. Esther Meyer supplied most of the hats, which were nearly all of the toque shape. The presents were numerous and very costly. Among them were, from Mr. John H. Davis, a pearl necklace, a diamond necklace, pendant, tiara, and spray, and a dot; the stepmother of the bride, a very large diamond star; the Marquise de Talleyrand, who first introduced the young couple to each other, a watch mounted in pearls; Lord and Lady Dufferin, a complete set of silver plate; Lord Terence Blackwood gave his bride a diamond bracelet, dressing-bag, &c.

The two new "Homes for American Girls studying in Paris" have just been opened, and promise to be a great success. One is in the Rue Chevreuse, arranged by Mrs. Newell, and under the management of Mrs. Irvine, and the other, the Lafayette House, founded by Mrs. Walden Pell, at 187, Rue de la Pompe.

MIMOSA.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

Amid the wildly enthusiastic rejoicings over the visit of the Russian fleet, France has had good cause to sorrow, for within twenty-four hours last week she lost her greatest representatives in two of the arts—war and music. Marshal MacMahon died on Tuesday morning, and Charles François Gounod, his junior by ten years, passed away on Wednesday morning.

The Marshal, who was the sixteenth of seventeen children, came of an Irish family that ruined themselves in the service of James II., and went into exile with him in France, where they eventually gained great distinction. At the age of nineteen he entered the army, and soon saw war, with all its grim reality, in the Algerian campaign, where he distinguished himself very conspicuously by his intrepidity on all occasions. In Algeria he was stationed almost constantly until 1855, when the Crimea drew him away, only, however, to establish beyond a doubt his reputation as a great soldier. When it was resolved by the chiefs of the Allied Armies to assault Sebastopol, the most perilous position in the grand attack on the Malakoff Redoubt fell to MacMahon.

"I will enter it," he said, "and you may be certain that I shall not be removed from it living." The struggle that followed will always redound to the military credit of France, and, not least, the part played by MacMahon. He was warned to beware of some unexpected explosion after the Russians had deserted the tower. His famous answer will not soon be forgotten, "Here I am, and here I remain." The blow struck by him hastened the fall of Sebastopol. There is a grim satire in the fact that while the hero of the Malakoff was breathing his last the Russians were entering the capital in triumph amid the most rabid enthusiasm of their conquerors of forty years before. His next great feat was in the Italian campaign of 1859, his brilliant generalship at the battle of Magenta giving him the Marshal's bâton. Napoleon, in 1864, relegated him to comparative obscurity by making him Governor-General of Algeria, where MacMahon spent six miserable years, to be recalled for the campaign against Germany. He was sent to defend Alsace, and fought with magnificent courage against tremendous odds. All his subsequent labours were at home, the greatest honour falling to him when he was elected President in 1873 by 390 votes out of 392, to be succeeded six years later by M. Grévy. Marshal MacMahon was a very handsome man, and his simple mode of life left hardly a trace of age upon his features. Few Frenchmen of the time were so universally respected by their countrymen and by the world at large. Messages of condolence

with his family have come from all sources, including the Russian Admiral now in Paris and the German Emperor. The funeral procession of this grand soldier on Sunday was most imposing, and his remains now rest under the same roof as the great Napoleon at the Hôtel des Invalides.

INFANTRY MARCHING AT THE MANŒUVRES.

One of the most interesting features in the report just issued by Sir Evelyn Wood, who acted as director of the recent army manœuvres, is the result of the experiments made with coca leaves in increasing the strength and endurance of the infantry. Alluding to infantry marching the General says: "It was the best seen during my command at Aldershot, or since I was first stationed there, twenty-eight years ago. The experiment was made of the use of coca leaves to allay thirst. About an eighth of an ounce of the leaves was issued at a time to each man making the experiment, and these were chewed with a small quantity of slaked lime. The men, except a very few who objected to the taste, declared they found great benefit from the use of the leaves, the feelings of thirst being at once allayed." Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani coca wine, a far more certain as well as a far more palatable method of inducing coca resistance to fatigue than chewing the leaves.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE
"DE. SENECTUTE."

Who shall say what influence on Mr. Cyril Maude the construing of Cicero's famous essay at Charterhouse, which, by-the-way, comprised a collegiate asylum for the aged, has had in inspiring his clever delineations of old age of various types, those delicate psychological studies, of which his latest personation of the old bachelor, Mr. Watkin,

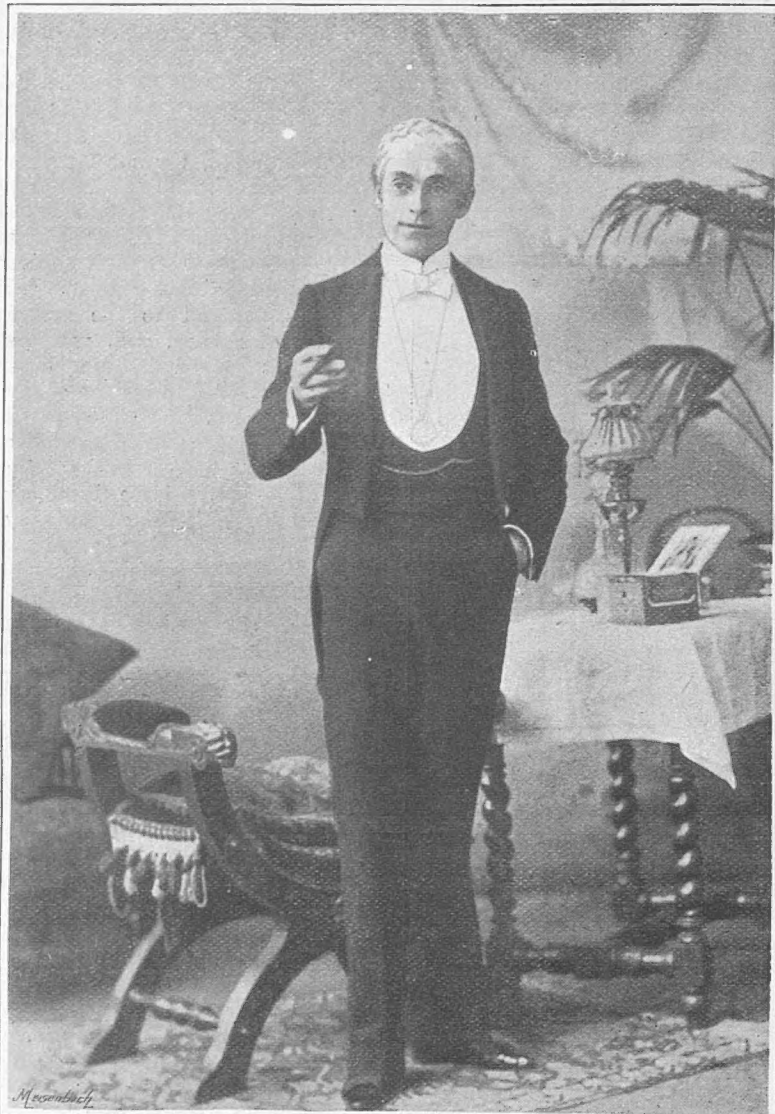


Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE

AS CAYLEY DRUMMLE IN "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

revives so many charming memories? However, on the morning of my visit to him the crusty-port-loving cynic and self-constituted mentor of the previous evening had evidently been left in the dressing-room of the Comedy Theatre, for I encountered a genial host and a Benedick almost youthful.

"Somehow or other, it seems that the public has got lately in the way of associating me chiefly with old men's parts; but, as a matter of fact, I believe I have played quite as many young characters, about which, possibly undeservedly, the notices have not been unflattering. When I look back, I seem to have been appearing in a sort of zig-zag fashion, alternating young and old parts pretty regularly. And the same retrospect supplies the somewhat curious reflection that on the stage, whenever I have appeared with my wife, I have always had to be 'down' on her, or haven't had to exchange a word with her," said Mr. Maude, starting the conversation.

"As so often happens, the foreground frequently obscures the horizon and the middle-distance. In the forefront we have your Mr. Watkin, and in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' the liver-destroyed society man, Cayley Drummle."

"Ah, there you're out! Surely you don't call a man of forty-five or fifty old?" interposed my companion.

"Well, you can't gainsay the age of the little, consequential judge in 'The Burglar and the Judge,' nor will you be able to repudiate Graham MacFarlane in 'Agatha Tylden,' the finest representation of a hard-handed, kirk-going Scot the century has seen?"

"The success was mainly due to the excellent coaching of Mr. J. M. Barrie in his native vernacular," again interrupted the auto-cynic, evidently with the soul of Mr. Watkin still within him.

"Very well, Mr. Maude, and how about Baron Tinot in 'The Queen of Manoa,' a Talleyrand and a Rochefoucauld in one?"

"Yes, I'll plead guilty to thoroughly liking that part."

"And I'll just add the Duke of Mayfair in 'The Fringe of Society,' and Squire Chivy in 'David Garrick,' with Sir Peter Teazle as an extra make-weight."

"Oh, no, not Sir Peter; he's really no more an old man than Cayley Drummle. I am just now re-studying him, for I have the part, in a day or two, with only three rehearsals, at Hastings's benefit at the Crystal Palace. You must remember that Sir Peter gives us his own age—namely, fifty."

"Well, you can afford to depreciate your recent successes; for, it is true, they need no support. Now, *en revanche*, help me to recall some other and more youthful personations."

"Just like you interviewers. You put us on our mettle just to elicit the information you desire."

"Well, surely you won't disallow the claims of art?"

After considering a moment, Mr. Maude remarked, somewhat irrelevantly, "I don't think you quite gauge the aim of my ambition, and it is to play really impassioned parts, full of nervous force, such as Mathias in 'The Bells' or Austen Woodville in 'Handfast.' In the last I scored, I suppose, the greatest success in my career. It was so far important, too, because it was a large part, and gave me a tremendous lift in the profession."

"Well, go on; tell me of some other young parts."

"I think my Charles Farlow might be mentioned. You may remember he was a stuttering fool, and I was told that I compared very favourably with Sothorn's well-known personation of a similar character. And there was also my Herbert-Spencerian young man in 'Angelina.'"

"Yes; and I remember your admirable rendering of Cool in 'London Assurance,' your Palsam in 'The Crusaders,' and the part of the prig in Jones's 'Judah'; but I'll stick to it that you are an incomparable 'old man,' and your make-ups are simply perfect."

"I admit I do take infinite pains in making-up for such parts. It is always to me one of the most interesting studies. I read up all I can find on the subject; I am always glad to pick up hints from friends, and I am constantly noting down impressions whenever I light on them. I daresay you may be surprised when I tell you that I take fully an hour to make-up for Mr. Watkin. I am rather particular, too, with respect to hands, which I consider require as much attention as the face—it looks so ridiculous to see young hands and an old, withered face together. Blueing the veins and chalking the knuckles give the required effect. In the present part I use no less than seven colours, putting in the shades and shadows—well, never mind with what—we'll say grease-paints. I think no one comes up to Beerbohm Tree in the matter of make-up, except it is Maurice. By-the-way, I do so wish Tree would give us a lecture on the subject. Can you imagine anything more interesting?"

"Of course everyone has his own idea of the secret of his success, setting aside his innate talent and dramatic predilections?"



Photo by Martin and Salkin, Strand, W.C.

AS CHARLES FARLOW IN "DR. CUPID."

"Well, I think I owe very much to having played a great variety of parts in my apprenticeship, so to speak. I took to the boards ten years ago, in America, under Daniel Bandmann, when we had to rough it on tour, and no mistake. I have had to sleep on a strip of carpet three feet wide, before the fire in the smoking-room of an American hotel, where spittoons were not always to be found, though I don't say they weren't wanted. Our repertory out West comprised thirteen pieces, and I often used to play quadruple, and even quintuple, parts. For instance, in 'Hamlet' I was cast for Rosencrantz, the gravedigger, the priest, and by a special blend of my own I appeared, too, as Marcellus and Bernardo at the same time. I fully expected sometimes to see the ghost of Shakspeare rise in protest from his grave," said Mr. Maude, laughing heartily. "But it was splendid practice, and lots of fellows have done the same."

"Please go on with some more of your reminiscences, for they amuse me immensely."

"I don't know that I have very many more of that time to relate, except, perhaps, my journey in an emigrant train from San Francisco to



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N. W.

AS MR. WATKIN IN "SOWING THE WIND."

New York. It took nine days, and I never once took off my clothes. I shall never forget the delights of the first shave and a big bath, after the accumulated dust of the alkali plains."

"How long have you been playing in London and the provinces?"

"Just about seven years, and successively, except for being 'lent' occasionally—under Wyndham, MacDermott, George Edwardes, Tom Thorne, Mrs. Langtry, Alexander, and now, of course, under Comyns Carr."

"And have you any special advice to offer to a young actor?"

"Well, I should recommend him, as in my own case, to play as many parts as he can, especially to study his hardest, and to put forth his best efforts at matinées, for then is his opportunity. Anyhow, that's my experience. It's the greatest mistake to think because the piece is only to be played once that unpreparedness doesn't matter. A matinée often gives an actor with anything in him simply a golden chance."

"And do you still keep up your fencing, for I remember MacTurk mentions you as one of his best pupils?"

"Oh, yes. I have a bout of it occasionally. I think, however, I go in for golf rather more lately. It's quite an actors' game, and I find a good number of brother professionals on the Prince's Ground at Mitcham."

Then a glance at the clock admonished me that I had already monopolised too much of Mr. Cyril Maude's well-earned hours for recreation and rest.

ALL ABROAD.

The French rejoicings over the Russian visit have taken all manner of forms of the most extravagant description. Paris has specially distinguished herself by banquets and the like, while Toulon and the neighbourhood have been the scene of much festivity. Almost every advertising firm in the country is said to have sent consignments of its products to the squadron.

One of the most striking incidents of the visit is that recorded of several of the Russian sailors—men and officers alike—who broke for a Toulon bookseller's shop—and why? To get a consignment of books prohibited in Russia, and consisting of Russian translations of well-known modern treatises on Sociology, Democracy, Political Economy, and Socialism. One should never let a chance go by, as the young lady nightly tells music-hall London.

Signor Giolitti, the Italian Premier, delivered an important speech last week on the policy of his Government. He insisted on the necessity of continuing a frankly democratic policy, and lamented the war without quarter which was being waged on Italy's credit.

The Divorce Bill introduced in the Italian Chamber by the ex-Minister of Justice, Signor Bonacci, is encountering great opposition. In Rome a women's committee has been formed, headed by several high-born ladies, in order to collect signatures for a monster protest against the measure, which 20,000 people have already signed, and the agitation is also supported in the country. In the protest divorce is declared as hostile to religion and the dignity of woman, and that the passing of the Bill will mean the ruin of many an Italian mother and wife.

The German Emperor found the ceremony of unveiling his grandfather's statue at Bremen on Wednesday a capital opportunity for delivering one of his refreshingly frank speeches. The day was, indeed, one to inspire the Kaiser, for it was the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic and of the birth of the Emperor Frederick. Here is one passage alone where he spoke of the Emperor William—

"How wondrously the providence of God led him! What a glorious disposition of Heaven it was that the illustrious man should, after so many sore vicissitudes, be called upon to reign at an age when other men are wont to retire from work! What unexpected successes did he not with God's help achieve! To him was it appointed by God to fulfil the aspirations of all Germans, and with the victoriously won Imperial crown to give back to Germany her unity."

A scheme has been matured in Vienna for a theatre for lady actors only, and the profits are to be entirely devoted to the furtherance of objects which the ladies may consider humane.

Fifty medical students, suspected of Nihilist tendencies, have been arrested in St. Petersburg on the charge of being concerned in the murder of one of their comrades, who was believed to be betraying them.

Russia is to build a harbour at the Bay of Pujmanki, in North Finland, for ships in the Arctic Ocean.

The Gaikwar of Baroda has passed a remarkable law, making education compulsory for both sexes in his territory. All boys are to attend school from the age of seven to twelve, and girls from seven to ten.

The situation at Washington remains unchanged. The Secretary to the Treasury has sent a statement to the Senate showing that the revenue for the whole fiscal year, calculated on the returns for the last quarter, will be £17,496,000 below the expenditure.

A huge wall-paper factory in New York was burned down on Thursday, the loss being £700,000. A cotton mill at Shanghai has also been destroyed by fire. The loss is £100,000.

The Brazilian insurgents have established a provisional Government at Desterro. The leaders hope to obtain the recognition of the foreign Powers. Peixoto's Government declares that it will not be responsible for the losses to natives or foreigners caused by the rebels.

Brazilian warfare, we are told by the New York *Sun*, is not characterised by an uncontrollable lust for blood. It is light. The proper instrument to play while it is in progress is the mandoline. Both the army and the navy are prettily accoutred; the Revolutionists wear a picturesque garb when they can get it. The Brazilians are not cowards, but they do not care to engage in hard fighting. The climate is hot, The Portuguese race, to which they belong, won renown in other times as one of the bravest races in the world. Brazil is a far lazier country than Portugal.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. A. C. Benson, in his preface to his book of poems (Mathews and Lane), has some wholesome things to say of critics. He is scornful of the sacerdotal tone they have taken to adopting, and as he speaks of them we stop in our reading to applaud: "Where criticism of literature diverts our enraptured attention to great masterpieces, it is wholly valuable; wherever it diverts our pleased notice to itself, and enthalls us only by its mastery of graceful expression, it is almost wholly pernicious."

The poems prefaced by this wholesome reminder to critics of their proper place, and by an appeal to writers to take to themselves more leisure to think and live in, are uncommonly good. They will be read through to the end, not so much because there is something to admire, but because there is something to like about them. They are very unaffected, and they are individual. He is none too enamoured of literature and poetry as a profession, and many a ready writer will echo the words of "The Poet's Doom"—

I dream beneath the lonely skies,
But must recount my ecstasies
Before a hundred shameless eyes.

I dare not keep the words unsaid,
Nor leave the dimness overhead
Unquestioned, or I die unfed.

Nature in its homelier aspects and the gentle affections inspire the best of these poems, the outcome of "an uneventful and sheltered existence." The sheltering has set its soothing mark on his verse: it is good that at least one of the stormy race of poets can say—

I, like the brooding bird, was prest
Warm and fond in a narrow nest,
Sweetly bound in a simple round,
Under the shadow of mellow towers,
Softly chiming the measured hours.

In the "Stories from Garshin" (Unwin), which E. L. Voynick has selected and translated, there is at least one that amply justifies all the praise that Mr. Stepniak in his introduction bestows on that little known Russian writer. "The Scarlet Flower" runs the gauntlet of two kinds of criticism, scientific and artistic. An eminent specialist in brain maladies has expressed his wonder at its scientific accuracy, and the literary merits of this strange study of a mind diseased are undoubted. Mr. Stepniak gives the brief outlines of Garshin's melancholy history, besides a slight account of Russian literature in recent years.

Readers of *The Sketch* hardly need a recommendation to E. Nesbit's latest volume, "Something Wrong" (A. D. Innes and Co.). In the handy "Whileaway Library" series, E. Nesbit has aforetime aroused our interest with "Grim Tales," and there is no diminution of excellent reading in the new set of stories. The plot of "The Blue Rose" is revealed in amusing style, an absolute contrast to the quiet pathos of "The Linguist," or the stern irony of "A Grand Piece of Work." Each tale has its own merit, and will have its own admirer.

Mr. Joyce, best known for his delightful versions of "Old Celtic Romances," and who lately wrote an excellent "Short History of Ireland," has abridged the latter work into "A Concise History of Ireland" (Gill, Dublin) for popular use. In its condensed form it has lost some of its readableness, but it is a most convenient summary, and worth getting, if only for its first part, which contains an excellent brief account of the manners, institutions, and art of Ancient Ireland.

Perhaps the very daintiest form that cheaper books can take is that given by Messrs. Sampson Low (in England) to "Stories from Scribner." With their white bindings, red lettering, their effective thumbnail illustrations, excellent type, and most convenient shape, they are as good as they can be made. Johnson's "Books that you can carry to the fire and hold readily in your hand are the most useful, after all," is their motto.

"Stories of the Railway" and "Stories of New York" are not too good for reading in the train; but "No Haid Pawn," by Thomas Nelson Page, "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner," by Joel Chandler Harris, and "Tirar y Soult," by Rebecca Harding Davis, in "Stories from the South," rise beyond that level. They are the American short story, at least, at its second best.

There is something winningly genuine in Mr. Legge's "Songs of a Strolling Player" (Innes). They certainly do not idealise the stage, and they may be an offence to morbidly sensitive stage-lovers; but, as he says in "To Those Within," "They that love lies will hate me; they are few," and his gibes, he declares, are but "the probes of love that searcheth sores."

His picture gallery of the Stage-Manager, the Theatrical Mother, the Limelight Man, are all full of acute characterisation. Perhaps, the best picture in it is "Our Amateur," in which there is much consolation. So magnificent a person was the amateur that actors only endowed with talent might well have trembled before such a rival; yet

Montgomery C. St. Aubyn he
Is with us, and plays small parts.

Among the more notable novels of the season—and the season has already produced not a few good ones, if none of first-rate distinction—

are Mrs. Steel's "Miss Stuart's Legacy" (Macmillan) and Anthony Hope's "Half a Hero" (Innes). Mrs. Steel's plot is just a little confusing, but the qualities she displayed in "From the Five Rivers" are here, and more strongly marked than before. The glamour of the East is in our eyes as we read, for Mrs. Steel has the rare gift of effective description—the description that does not weary, but forces us to see. In the episode of the religious riot in the streets, an excited orator stirring the rival mobs to frenzy, we actually feel ourselves to be in the heroine's perilous point of vantage, and to be looking down on all the hustling, jostling, cursing, and fighting.

In "Half a Hero" we pass from India to New Lindsey, a colony with a labour movement and a good many old-world traditions, and prejudices, too. The hope of the masses is Medland, and a hope worth trusting to, with his eloquence, fervour, self-confidence, and unswerving honesty; but there was a flaw in his chances of success—a flaw caused by an incident in his own past life and by the jealousy of his weak and mean but numerous enemies. His short triumph and his fate are told with much power and vigour.

"Anthony Hope" has before now proved himself a very lively storyteller. He has never yet been dull. But in his new book there is an added strength, a firmer grasp of character. "Half a Hero" is a bit of work seriously thought out and carefully executed.

Mr. Barry Pain appears in a new rôle in his story of "Graeme and Cyril" (Hodder and Stoughton), a story for boys about themselves in school and out of it. He has sunk his own peculiar kind of humour for the time, though humour is not wanting in the story, certainly not in the character and future of Neddy Trigman, a schoolboy of real distinction and originality, worthy to be named with Tommy Traddles.

Only one who has known public-school life both as a boy and master could have written the story, which shows so much sympathy with and intimate knowledge of the ways and thoughts of average boys. It is a tale with an awful example in it—too awful, I think. Boys like tragedy, of course, if the victim live and suffer not later than the Middle Ages, but do they like tragedy about one of themselves?

In the story of Henry Burton, Mr. Pain gives very hearty encouragement to educationalists when he describes how the little Whitechapel burglar was turned into a public-school boy, and how he turned himself into an accepted artist. Mr. Gordon Browne has illustrated the book in a way boys will approve of.

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THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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CONTENTS.

SURGEON-MAJOR PARKE	Frontispiece.
MARTYRS TO A NEW CRUSADE	HERBERT WARD.
THE OLD SPINET.	
THE STORY OF A MAZURKA	E. F. BENSON.
Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.	
REMINISCENCES OF BALLIOL COLLEGE	ANDREW LANG.
Illustrations by HOLLAND TRINGHAM.	
THE SHOOTING SEASON AT SANDRINGHAM	A—B—.
Illustrations by HOLLAND TRINGHAM.	
THE JAPANESE GIRL	CLEMENT SCOTT.
THE PAST AND PRESENT OF LLOYD'S	RALPH DERECHIEF.
A RAMBLE THROUGH SHROPSHIRE	R. OWEN ALLSOP.
Illustrations by HERBERT RAILTON.	
A PAINLESS HUNT	G. FIDLER.
Illustrations by G. FIDLER.	
AN UNPARDONABLE LIAR. (CONCLUDED.)	GILBERT PARKER.
Illustrations by E. J. SULLIVAN.	
THE CABARET OF THE CHAT NOIR	ANGE GALDEMAR.
Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY.	
TALES OF REVENGE. II. A MODERN SAMSON	R. BARR.
Illustrations by R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.	
THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME	L. F. AUSTIN AND A. R. ROPES.
Illustrations by PHIL MAY and DUDLEY HARDY.	
A LOVE LETTER.	
MADRIGAL IN PRAYSE OF TWO.	

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SCENES FROM "SOWING THE WIND," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

From Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



ROSAMUND (WINIFRED EMERY).



MAUD FRETWELL (ANNIE HUGHES) AND SIR RICHARD CURSITOR (EDMUND MAURICE).



MAUD FRETWELL, THE HON. MRS. FRETWELL (ROSE LECLERCQ), AND SIR RICHARD CURSITOR.



MR. BRABAZON (BRANDON THOMAS) AND ROSAMUND.

SMALL TALK.

Among the many good men South Africa has "brought out," undoubtedly one of the most able, and certainly the most popular, is Colonel Sir Frederick Carrington, K.C.M.G. His name is quite a household word at the Cape, and the record of his many services during the eighteen years he spent there would probably fill a large volume. It was at the time of the expedition to Griqualand West that the now so celebrated Carrington Horse sprang into existence, and since then there have been few, if any, campaigns without the presence in the field of the gallant Colonel and his regiment of light horse. The Kaffir War, the Sekekuni campaign, the Basuto War (during which he was severely wounded), and the Bechuanaland Expedition are among the many good accounts he has rendered of himself, and they have helped to stamp him as the right man in the right place for frontier work in



Photo by H. Warren, Zeerust, Transvaal.

South Africa. In those distant regions the name of Carrington is in itself sufficient to strike terror into the heart of the "nigger," for long experience has taught him the best and most efficacious manner of dealing with these shifty customers, who at their best are, as he himself describes them, "inveterate liars and thieves."

In view of the wholesale dread there is of him, it is a curious and noteworthy fact that the present trouble on the Matabele frontier, though, doubtless, smouldering for some time past, did not openly break out till after his resignation of the command of the Border Police and his departure for England. On this particular point he characteristically expressed himself during the course of an interview I had with him last week: "It's rather hard lines, after waiting through seven years of monotony up there without a single day's excitement, that something should turn up immediately I leave." I am able to speak from actual personal experience of his qualities of head and heart as the soldier and the man, so feel convinced that to let him "rust" in England when things are stirring up country is a pity, to say the least of it. Perhaps, however, by the time these lines are penned he will be on his way to the front, where, there can be no doubt whatever, his presence at the head of the small force which represents the advancing tide of civilisation in those distant regions would have a very distinct effect.

The weather at Balmoral continues very cold, but it is bright and dry, exactly the weather which best suits the Queen, and she is now in excellent health. The statements made that the Court will leave for Windsor on the 17th of next month are incorrect, as the date of departure has not yet been definitely fixed.

The Lord Chancellor, Lord Herschell, has succeeded Lord Spencer as Minister in attendance at Balmoral. It is rather a painful pleasure, as life at Balmoral is terribly dull. Still, existence is made fairly comfortable, and, since the addition to the house, there is ample accommodation. Now the Minister has two very comfortable rooms for himself and "lodging" for his servant. He has, however, to do without the luxury of a private secretary, but the Queen's secretary is always ready to afford any assistance that may be required. The Minister takes his meals either alone or with the members of the household, except when invited to dine with the Queen, which happens, usually, four days out of the seven. He also has the advantage, if he is a sportsman, of the best of shooting and finest of salmon-fishing.

There will shortly, it is said, be a vacancy among the Maids of Honour, and already strenuous efforts are being made by the various Court wire-pullers to obtain the appointment for their particular candidate. The emolument attaching to the position is £300 a year, and the duties are not onerous, as each "maid" has only thirteen weeks of attendance during the year. Taking into consideration the fact that the Queen always insists upon all her attendants being particularly well dressed, and objects to the same frock appearing too often, the salary only just about covers expenses and "tips." Moreover, these appointments lead to nothing in these days, and on the death of the Sovereign all the members of the household—excepting, of course, those holding Ministerial offices—lose their places. Still, notwithstanding these disadvantages, there are always numerous applicants for any vacancies among the Maids of Honour.

The stock of game at Windsor this season is immense, and the covers in the Great Park are simply swarming with pheasants. There is never any shooting at Windsor until the middle of November, except that done by the royal keepers, who go out twice or three times a week to supply Balmoral and Cumberland Lodge, and certain privileged persons who receive regular presents of game from the Queen. Prince Christian will commence shooting next month, and will have the assistance of the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg, but the Prince of Wales is not expected to shoot until January.

Smart weddings are the order of the day, and the week began well, both in London and Paris, by that of Lord Terence Blackwood's at the Avenue de l'Alma and Miss Allien's at Buckingham Gate. Apropos of the former function, a St. Germain *on dit* by one of the well-informed tells me that Lord Terence met the fair American at a breakfast party about a year ago, and was so excessively "fetched" that the meeting was quickly followed by a wooing, which culminated in the ceremony at Holy Trinity on the 16th. Sir Roderick Cameron's pretty daughter was one of the bridesmaids, Miss Kip, another American beauty, was a second, and the two Ladies Blackwood made up a charming quartette of gaily equipped "bridesmaidens." All Paris and half London were at the reception given by Lord and Lady Dufferin at the English Embassy after the ceremony, and Walmer Castle, lent by the Lord Warden, comes in very appropriately for the honeymoon. Worth, the reigning prince of dressmakers, created the bride's dress, which was a wonder of white lace and "heavy ivory" satin, while the other master milliner, Paquin, sent her away in an ineffable combination of electric-blue velvet and chinchilla. Beetroot colour is the smartest form in Paris now, and a little friend who saw Miss Flora Davis's entire trousseau avers that Worth never more entirely distinguished himself than in a velvet dress made for the bride in that rich colour, which was finished with a wide rolled-back collar and granny muff, both of sable. For ladies who want to know, I may add that nearly all the millinery was of the toque order.

While on the thrilling subject of marrying and giving in marriage, not to mention marriage millinery, I feel bound to notice the unusual and extremely charming wedding frock worn by Miss Allien (now Mrs. Clarkson Potter). A beige-coloured satin, relieved with skilfully placed touches of turquoise-blue velvet, made it evident that the "creation" had been put together in Paris, while steel buttons of goodly proportions, and some filmy old lace to boot, gave the finishing marks of a master hand to a very unique wedding gown. Miss Allien was one of the leading spirits in Homburg gaieties last season, and many friends whom she had met out there sent congratulatory messages and presents to the popular little bride, foremost among the number being the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and his wife, and Countess Cottenham, who sent a quaint gold trinket-box. Lady Terence Blackwood, whose marriage took place at the same hour in Paris, sent an antique fall of fabulously reputed value; Princess Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, a long congratulatory wire with her remembrance; and altogether the wedding had that *souçon* of a royal favour and flavour which is all that is wanting to make the Republican cup brim over with satisfaction.

So Mr. George Vivian Lewes has been having something more to say anent the gas supply. Well, he is smart enough at most things: as smart a popular form of lecturer as you could wish for; as smart a dresser as you would expect to see in the paddock at Kempton—covert coat, light moustache. No one, despite his undoubted talent, would ever think of taking him for a savant. By-the-way, he happens to be a nephew of the famous George H. Lewes. He possesses, too, some odd literary relics, and has before now handed me a cigar out of a case that belonged to William Makepeace Thackeray.

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west!" and they also have been singing south, for Brighton was on the 14th and 16th the scene of a great exhibition of foreign cage-birds. The United Kingdom Foreign Cage-Bird Society, which has for its president that eminent naturalist Lord Lilford, must be congratulated on having brought to Brighton the largest number of foreign feathered visitors ever shown in an exhibition. In the Pavilion saloon and its two drawing-rooms hundreds of birds of many kinds were on view, including wax-bills, mannikins, zebra-finches, cardinals, doves, quails, parakeets, love-birds, and cockatoos. The talking parrots, of course, attracted very considerable notice, and entered with great spirit into a competition, which was decided by the votes of the visitors. I wonder the parrots did not, in their turn, judge the relative talking powers of the admiring crowd! Among the winners of first prizes in the various classes were Mr. J. F. Dewar, Mr. W. Osbaldeston, Miss A. P. Jackson, Mr. J. B. Housden, Mr. J. Crankshaw, Mr. A. Jardine, Miss Nash, Mrs. Palmour, Mrs. Darbyshire, Mr. H. T. T. Camps, Mr. J. W. N. Barlow, Dr. C. S. Simpson, and Mr. H. R. Fillmer. The two last-named gentlemen, who are distinguished Brighton ornithologists, acted as honorary secretaries of this successful exhibition.

The apotheosis of interviewing is Mr. Raymond Blaythwayt going the rounds of the world as a lecturer. Doubtless "Celebrities at Home" will be well received even at the Antipodes. Oddly enough, Mr. Blaythwayt's personal appearance somewhat belies his character. He looks languid enough—nay, a sort of Sir Charles Coldstream—yet he is energy itself. Slight, tall, elegant figure, dark brown moustache, good eyes, and a most pleasant style—certainly the colonial mayoresses are sure to make much of him. As an interviewer, even when in America, he beat the American journalists themselves, who, as everybody knows, are born with a note-book and a set of "Magnall's Questions." The magic lantern slides for the lecture sheet are certainly the best of the kind I have ever seen, including studies from John Burns in the Park to Conan Doyle in his study.

Apropos of the lecture platform, Mr. George Appleton's action against Stanley will be coming on some time or the other after the Long Vacation. It is a pity for the lecturing trade in general that it could not be more happily settled. Know this all—the lecturing trade is rapidly increasing, and will do so at even ratio with the number of local town halls, that are as plentiful now as afternoon tea shops. It is somewhat difficult to say who are the most popular celebrities on the platform. At the "halls," parochial and scientific—not music—poor Brandram was often quite as good a draw as Max O'Rell, Mr. Harry Furniss, &c. Bar the constant railway travelling, which, however, can be greatly modified by a skilful agent in making out a route, the lecturer on the war-path has not such a bad time of it. He is nearly always entertained by some civic, town, or parochial functionary, and made the lion of a provincial evening. Oh, what a judge of mayors and mayoresses the popular lecturer must be! However, he has but little to grumble at. His cheque is handed to him immediately after the entertainment by the secretary, refreshments are ready at hand, and a brougham to take him off for the night to the pleasant *cæna* of the local moderns.

I have received an interesting letter from a well-known Scotch lawyer and *littérateur* on the subject of "J. P.'s" note on "A Scotch Court-House," which appeared in these pages a fortnight ago. The description, he does not doubt, is correct in all respects except one, where "J. P." spoke of the presiding judge as the "Sub-Sheriff." "There is no such official in Scotland. There are Sheriffs and Sheriffs-Substitute. The Sheriff-Substitute is not a 'Sub' to the Sheriff, except in name. He is an independent judge, with the same powers and the same professional qualifications as the Sheriff, and, like him, he is appointed directly by the Crown. Though there is in certain civil cases an appeal from the decisions of the Sheriff-Substitute to the Sheriff, the Sheriff can no more interfere with the Sheriff-Substitute in the discharge of his duties than he can with any 'J.P.' or other magistrate within the kingdom. The only difference between the Sheriff-Substitute and the Sheriff is that the one resides within his jurisdiction, while the other resides in Edinburgh. The title 'Sheriff-Substitute' is an entirely misleading one. The 'S.-S.' is the Sheriff. The more correct designation of the Sheriff is the old and now extinct one of 'Sheriff-Depute.'

"It is almost impossible to make all this intelligible to English readers; but it comes to this, that in every Scotch county there are at least two officials—often, as in the case of Inverness, more—with co-extensive and co-ordinate powers, one of whom discharges the whole real work of the county, while the other comes down three or four times in the year to hold 'sittings' in the county-town, at which he reviews as a Judge of Appeal—more or less correctly, often the latter—the decisions in civil cases, other than small debts, of the Sheriff-Substitute. The system of the double Sheriffship, as it is called, is a monstrous absurdity, retained only in the interests of the Parliament House—the old Westminster Hall of Scotland. As for the Sheriff-Substitute, far from being the mere magistrate that your correspondent describes him as being, he is a judge with powers far exceeding any that your County Court judges possess. He is the Judge Ordinary of the bounds. He has both a civil and a criminal jurisdiction. In civil cases his powers are almost the same as the Supreme Court. He can try cases in his Ordinary Court up to any amount, and, as a matter of fact, most cases in Scotland commence in the Sheriff Court. As a criminal judge he can

try cases either as a magistrate or as a judge with a jury. In the former case he cannot give a longer sentence than sixty days' imprisonment; in the latter he can give any sentence he pleases, though custom has limited his powers to two years' imprisonment; yet there is nothing to prevent him trying a man for murder, and hanging him, too, though there are few Sheriffs in Scotland who would probably care to assume such a responsibility."

I learn with regret that Sir William Fraser, whose figure is so familiar at the Carlton, and who is so entertaining a *raconteur*, is lying seriously ill at his chambers in the Albany. Sir William, who has earned considerable literary fame with his three books, "Words on Wellington," "Disraeli and his Day," and "Hic et Ubique," the last of which teems with amusing anecdotes, is the representative of a branch of the ancient Scotch family of whom Lord Lovat is the head, and is the elder brother of General Sir C. C. Fraser, V.C., who for some time represented the Kennington division of Lambeth in Parliament. Sir William himself has been a member of the House, and sat for Barnstaple in 1852 and 1857, and for Ludlow in 1863; he is a great authority on all connected with the "Iron Duke," for his father, Sir James Fraser, was on the staff at Waterloo.

The late Mr. Birch, A.R.A., was exceptionally good on warlike subjects. It was in 1879 that he exhibited "The Last Call," a group of heroic size, representing a trumpeter of Hussars and his horse shot down simultaneously while in the act of charging. In the following year he exhibited the statue, here reproduced, of Lieutenant Walter Hamilton, V.C., in his last and gallant attempt to defend the Residency at Cabul in September 1879. Mr. Birch lived to hear of a very different reception of



LIEUTENANT WALTER POLLOCK HAMILTON, V.C.

British officers in Cabul in the corresponding month of the present year. His work is scattered all over the world. Sydney possesses his two colossal allegorical figures in marble representing Justice and Plenty and his bronze statue of "A Water Nymph," erected as the apex of a fountain. Far-away Oodeypore has his statue of the Queen, while his first important work, a bust of the late Earl of Westmoreland, English Ambassador at Berlin, was executed in marble for the King of Prussia. As a draughtsman on wood and stone, Mr. Birch for many years contributed to the pages of the *Illustrated London News* and other periodicals and books.

There is talk of yet another music-hall. It is the old Royalty, which latterly has fallen on evil days, that will take its place, if all goes well, among the ever-increasing variety shows of London. In the meantime, Miss Annie Rose is advertised to appear there at the end of the month as the heroine of a play by Dr. Aveling, which rejoices in the somewhat unattractive title of "Frog," and is described as a "comedy-drama," whatever that may be. Miss Annie Rose seems determined to shine as a dramatic star, and, whatever else she may lack for the part, has at least plenty of pluck and perseverance, a remarkably pretty presence, and a fine taste in gowns. In real life this lady is the wife of Mr. Horace Nevill, who is a son of Lady Dorothy Nevill, a sister of the Earl of Orford, who is so popular in London society. Miss Rose has, I understand, some notion of securing the Avenue Theatre for a season.

So strict is the law in Sweden against the importation of dogs, from fear of hydrophobia, that two handsome Russian dogs brought by the Grand Duke Michael as a present for the Crown Prince, were not permitted to land, and even his Royal Highness's application to the Crown authorities for a pass for them was refused. The dogs had to return to Russia.

The young German Crown Prince, who is now in his fourteenth year, will shortly have a *ménage* of his own with his two elder brothers, the Kaiser having decided that the palace hitherto in use for the royal household, No. 73, Wilhelmstrasse, is to be prepared as their future residence. The palace, with its beautiful grounds, was built in the middle of the last century, and was, until 1806, occupied by various princely personages, when it was sold to a bookseller, Herr Reimer. The copper on the roof alone sufficed to cover the purchase-money. Some years after it was acquired by the Crown, and at one time it was intended as a residence for Prince Henry, but the idea was not carried out.

A funny version of the pros and cons anent Prince Bismarck's illness and the Kaiser's famous despatch is going the round of Viennese drawing-rooms, where it is freely stated that the Emperor was mainly influenced in sending his conciliatory message by the Grand Duke Charles Alexander of Weimar, between whom and the Man of Blood and Iron a warm friendship has always existed. Those in the first flight of Vienna society remember how the daughter of this Prince, Princess Reuss, wife of the German Ambassador, was markedly civil on the occasion of Count Herbert von Bismarck's marriage last year. Notwithstanding the fact that Imperial wishes, if not orders, ran counter to any expression of friendliness, Princess Reuss showed all possible politeness and attention to the ex-Chancellor during his stay in the Austrian capital short of extending official hospitalities, which the timely indisposition of her husband prevented. This lady and her family are, *on dit*, greatly rejoiced that they have been able to assist in effecting even a veneer of friendly feeling between the young sovereign and his grandfather's adviser.

Toulon has been the scene of much military junketing within the past week complimentary to the Russian guests, whom France so much delighteth to honour. The whole town and neighbourhood has been *en fête*, from the local gymnastic clubs upwards, whose members have paraded the streets in all the organised disorder of picturesque and motley garbed processions. A curious sight it must have seemed to these self-contained Russians, this spectacle of a mid-day masquerade in their honour—streets full of monks, devils, columbines, and—oh! most significant satire—Alsatian peasants, all executing a mental *danse Macabre* of commemoration in this unspoken alliance. The naval authorities of the Russian ironclad Nicolai I. made large hospitality, and champagne corks popped day and night—a cheery accompaniment to the merriment of a constant stream of visitors from the shore. A big dinner given by Admiral de Boissoudy on his flag-ship, the *Formidable*, was followed by a ball at the Arsenal, to which all Toulon was invited, and which was attended altogether by six thousand of the fair and brave. Rejoicings in Paris have, of necessity, been on an additionally important scale, as befits the gay capital, luncheons, routs, and drinkings to Republican and Imperial immortality being interspersed with official visitations at all places and hours. The deaths of two such great Frenchmen as those who have passed out of sight while Paris is pouring libations on the altar of freedom and friendship must, naturally, have caused widespread regret through all classes of French society. But Lutetia is a woman of the world—never more than when in Russian society; so that this week, at least, she has no time to remember, and next she will have had time to, perhaps, forget. The most sensible sentiment ever put into prose was written by a Frenchman: "Oubliez! Oubliez! C'est le secret de la vie." And so it is, if we are to get quietly, not to say gaily, through our very condensed allotment of years.

Though our own Naval Artillery Volunteers—in which Lord Brassey for so many years took an active interest—are disbanded, their patriotic zeal has been imitated in our Indian Empire, and at Calcutta the corps numbers, I believe, some three hundred men. In the old country they hardly received the encouragement which they certainly deserved, but in India they are evidently appreciated, and an English officer has been offered the command of the force. Captain Erroll, R.N., to whom the appointment was offered, and who has accepted it, will leave England to take up his command early next month. The Captain and his charming wife are certain to be hospitably welcomed in Calcutta.

THE CLERK.

(Unlike the miner, the only workman who never dare strike is the clerk.—*Vide Newspaper.*)

"I cannot strike," said the clerk
(Laughed as he looked at the clock);
The office was chilly and dark,
A-top of the City block.
He sat and he screwed away
A beggar's—a curate's pay.

"I cannot strike," said the clerk;
"I mustn't march with a band
To palaver away in the Park,
Or carry a flag in the Strand.
The Union for me? What a joke
To amalgamate 'skilly and toke'!"

"I cannot strike," and he sighed;
He thought of the years that had fled,
When his collars just rustled with pride
As off to the City he sped,
Or sat on the smart 'bus's roof,
A duke from mechanics aloof.

"I could not strike, so I stayed
On—for a beggarly wage;
Was young and never afraid,
Laughed at the thought of an age
Crushed by what all of us feel
In the ranks of the shabby genteel.

"I could not strike, don't you see?
Though I'd only a dollar a day,
A someone was caring for me
Who never once counted the pay
In the life that we'd promised to share—
Aye, we lived upon kisses and air.

"I could not strike. Yes, 'twas so;
I had such a dear little wife,
And billets grow scarce, you know,
And hard was the struggle for life.
Asked for a rise—'twas my right—
To be sacked on the very same night.

"I could not strike, for the crowd
Of quill-drivers grew year by year;
One can't afford to be proud,
Nor to risk for what you hold dear;
And then came the children—ah me!
I can see them again on my knee.

"I could not strike; but, you see,
'Twas poverty took her away.
Said the doctor, 'Port wine and beef tea,
Four glasses of port, Sir, a day.'
She left—well, none chicken broth crave,
Nor lack crusted port in the grave.

"I could not strike: as the years
With the children grew on apace,
Time clipped my screw with his shears,
The giv'nors made a long face.
Yes; 'Bis'ness had gone to the deuce,
Salaries, Smith, must reduce.'

"I cannot strike; I am old.
Who wants a palsied old clerk?
So I'm just left out in the cold
To make way for a spoffish young spark,
Who on nothing—just fifty a year—
Can dress himself up like a peer.

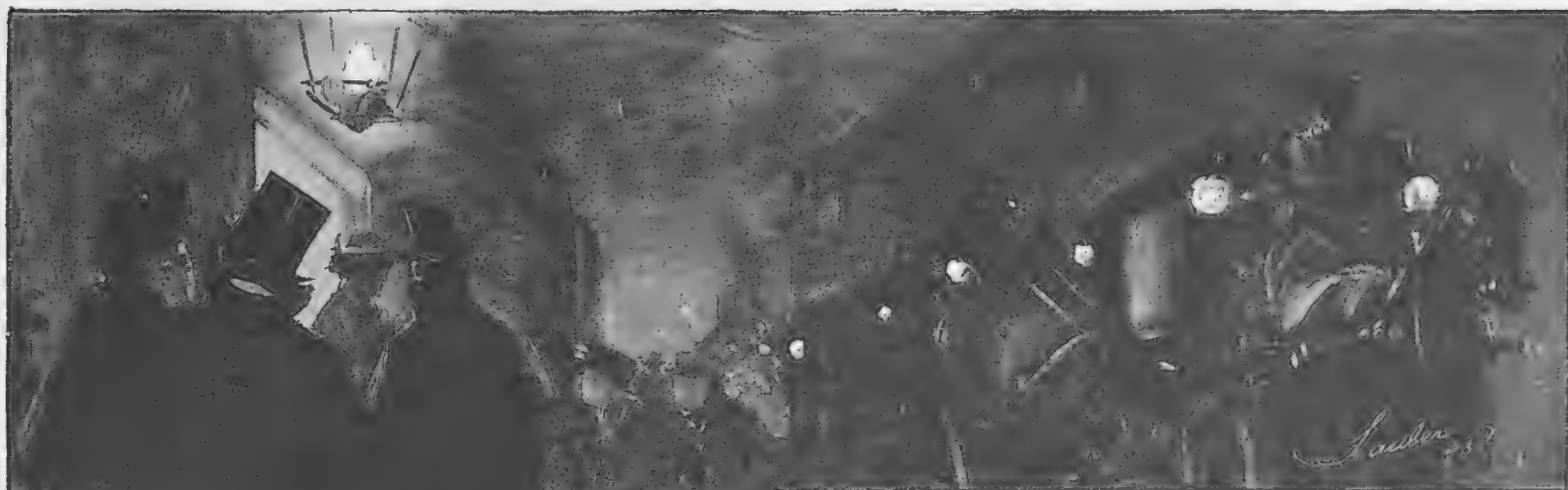
"I cannot strike—what d'ye say?
What's become of the lads that have grown?
Lor' bless you, they've scuttled away,
Left the old man all alone.
It's hard, but why, Sir, complain?
If we meet—why, they'll stand me a drain.

"I could not strike, but my girl—
Stop it! don't speak of her now!
My head gets quite into a whirl;
I hadn't the means to allow
The money for dances and plays
That the girls must have nowadays.

"I cannot strike—I'm a clerk;
The miners can strike as they please;
Tho' their bite ain't as bad as their bark,
They can bring some folk down on their knees.
Daughter wrong—sons away—buried wife!
Strike, oh! yes—strike out my life!"

A. T. F.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



say "Good night," but all dispersing quickly and unostentatiously. The new arrival had not long to wait. Following the stream came one as simply attired as the others, whom he at once approached, and, after saying a few words of greeting, moved with her away from the door and out of the street.

"I have been in front again, Minnie," said the gentleman.

"Have you? Yes; I saw you," answered his companion, inconsequently.

MINNIE.

AN INTERLUDE.

BY RUDOLF DIRCKS.

The theatres were coming out. About midway down a narrow and unprepossessing street a small group of persons was standing idly round a doorway, over which burned an ordinary gas-lamp. Drawn up in a line with the door were a brougham, a four-wheeler, and a couple of hansom. The group consisted of four or five men—two in evening dress—an elderly woman wearing a shawl, and three boys, of the messenger type, who had been attracted partly by curiosity and partly by a desire to share in anything that might be going forward. No mark or sign was attached to the doorway to give a clue as to the cause of the assembling of this oddly assorted group. The stage-door of the Imperial Variety Theatre was, however, sufficiently well known.

Before long a demure-looking girl, plainly dressed, came out of the door, slipped quietly through the few persons surrounding it, and disappeared. She was immediately followed by another girl, no less demure-looking and no less plainly dressed, who, after kissing the lady of the shawl, went away with her. The men in evening dress kept peering into the doorway and champing their moustaches. Three or four girls now trooped out. One of them shook hands with one of the fashionably dressed men, and drove off with him in a hansom. As they were driving away, the diminution in the group was made up by the arrival of another person, also in evening dress, who walked to the door with an easy, elastic step, and took up his position with the others, looking at his watch as he did so. The light from the lamp overhead glanced on his face, revealing that he was young and good-looking. His eyes were unusually large and intelligent, his complexion was untainted by London air, and an untrained moustache drooped, as might be augured from a perceptible drooping of the under-lip, a somewhat irresolute mouth.

Quite a stream of girls now issued from the door, a few lingering for a moment's chat and to



At the Café Monico he ordered the greatest delicacies procurable.

"How many times do you think that makes, eh?"

"Please don't ask me. You know I can never remember."

"Exactly sixty."

"Good gracious! how can you sit it out so often?"

"Exactly sixty; and I never saw you looking more delightful."

"And you have said that exactly fifty-nine times."

"Really? Do you know, it seemed quite impromptu. I am sorry, though, if it wanted in novelty."

"I don't mind. I like it. It is one of those stale things that is always refreshing."

There was a touch of the Cockney in her accent, and something in her manner which, for want of a better word, may be named hardness; but whether this was the result of having gone through unusual experiences for her age, or simply the manner of the *coryphée* in private life, it would be difficult to say. Without being more than pretty,



Service occupied his usual stall at the Imperial Theatre.

she had a toss of the head, a waywardness of lip, and a reserve in her eyes which, without suggesting a suspicion of conscious coquetry, was calculated to be much more effective.

"Minnie, will you have supper with me to-night?"

"Mr. Service, you know I will not."

"Don't be so unkind! It would be insulting one's opportunities not to celebrate the sixtieth occasion. Besides, I have something particular to say to you, and this could be best done over supper," he said, improvising an inducement. "I implore you again to think of the sixty times."

"Do you always take a stall?"

"Of course."

"Sixty times five shillings. How much is that? You only come to see me, don't you?"

"Only you, Minnie."

"None of the other girls—sure?"

"Perfectly."

"Then I think I shall ask for a rise. I am a 'draw.' I bring money into the house. I don't see why I shouldn't have a share of the profit."

"If you would only take it out in suppers! It is already half-past eleven, so there isn't much time. Do come."

"Sixty! Very well—just this once."

Service was delighted with his success. At the Café Monico he ordered the greatest delicacies procurable, Minnie at the same time protesting against such an expensive affair.

"Don't I look a fright?" she asked, glancing into a mirror. "My make-up isn't all off, and I don't feel respectable. Oh, what shall I do?"

Service making a reassuring reply, Minnie lost her self-consciousness and became interested in her surroundings.

"Oh, do look at the hat that lady is wearing—behind you—a little farther to the left. No, don't look! And that old man with the queer nose: No, the other way! How stupid you are! He is sitting opposite to you. Isn't he funny? Oh! there is one of our girls. Turn away; don't let her see me. She isn't nice."

"She has only eyes for her companion; she won't notice you."

"Never mind; it doesn't matter."

Do you know why I came with you?" she asked abruptly.

"To please me?"

"Fiddle!"

"To please yourself?"

"Partly. Try again."

"Curiosity. You wanted to know what I have to say to you."

"Goodness! I never thought of it—it's my birthday!"

"No?"

"Yes, really."

"Capital! Waiter! Waiter!"

Where the dickens is the wine list? Don't touch that stuff, Minnie."

The stuff was Sauterne, of an excellent quality.

"Please don't, Mr. Service."

"Nonsense! The Sauterne was all very well for the celebration of one occasion, but for two—two! Minnie—it would be absurdly inadequate. You can't tell how delighted I am that you told me."

The reserve in her eyes lifted for a moment as she looked at him; to those who knew her intimately this would have revealed much, but Service's ingenuousness penetrated nothing.

The waiter poured out the wine.

"Minnie, here's to your very good health, and innumerable happy returns," said Service, clinking her glass.

"Not too innumerable, please! I don't want to live till I am old."

"Why?"

"Because I sha'n't be able to dance, and many things," she answered, overcoming a sigh by an admirably feigned ripple of laughter. "You wouldn't come to see me sixty times then."

Service protested.

After taking a sip of the wine, the only pretence she would make of drinking it, she said, "How old do you think I am?"

"Eighteen."

"How did you know? Either that or seventeen: I am not quite

sure myself. I have lost count since I was twelve; and mother doesn't know, either."

Service found this very amusing. "Look here," he said suddenly, "why aren't you more curious? Have you forgotten why I asked you to come here?"

"Oh, yes. What is it?"

"The most appropriate thing possible. My thinking of it, as it happens, has been quite providential." He took a small packet from his pocket and gave it to her.

On opening the packet Minnie found that it contained a case, in which there was a small gold brooch, studded with diamonds in the form of the letter M.

"What a dear little thing!" she exclaimed, examining it with feminine minuteness. She then placed it on the table beside Service.

"Minnie," he said reproachfully, "you don't refuse it?"

"Is it really for me?"

"What does 'M' stand for if not for Minnie?"

"Shall I put it on now?" This was the only way in which she could think of expressing her delight.

"If you only would!"

She put it on. "But you didn't know it was my birthday?"

"I know now."

"But you couldn't know when you bought it."

"Do one's instincts go for nothing?"

"You really bought it for me?" she asked persistently.

Service lied; he was not capable of sacrificing her pleasure in receiving the gift to the truth. Why not take advantage of a happy coincidence? "M" might also stand for Margery, but it would be absurd sentimentalism to abide by his original intention in purchasing the trinket.

A little later, Minnie having refused to be taken home in a hansom—she was always advancing economic considerations—they were walking up Shaftesbury Avenue towards North London, in the direction of her home. The hansom was flying past in rapid succession. The early autumn sky was sprinkled with stars, and a fresh breeze was blowing down the Avenue. She refused his proffered arm, walking energetically and lightly by his side, and occasionally lifting her hand to the brooch to see that it was safe.

"Now tell me what you have been doing to-day?" she asked. "How is it that you never speak about yourself? I know that you are a swell, but what do swells do, except do nothing?"

"Oh, they—well, they see people."

"What people? Who have you been seeing to-day? Tell me their names and all about them."

"It wouldn't interest you."

"Tell me!"

"My dear Minnie, it would simply bore you."

"You won't tell me?"

"No."

"I know your reason," she said rather bitterly, and with a slight frown. "You are too proud: you don't want to mix me up with your real friends."

"What an unpardonable supposition!"

Nevertheless, she sulked for quite five minutes. At last one of his questions brought an answer.

"Why do you live alone, Minnie? You have never told me, and you spoke about your mother a little while ago."

"Because it suits me," she answered abruptly. Then repenting a little: "Because I couldn't get on with my mother. I give her half of what I make, you know. But I won't live with her."

"How is it that I may never come to see you?"

"Because only girls come to see me. If I would let any man, perhaps I would let you; but I won't. I don't believe in men," she concluded decisively; and, taking this as a rule of conduct, Service felt conscientiously bound to approve the discretion of it, suggesting at the same time that she might, however, in his case make an exception, and so stamp it with the essential qualification of all rules. But this novel subtlety failed to convince her.

As they were crossing Euston Road a cab rapidly turned the corner of Gower Street, leaving Service just time to grasp Minnie's arm and draw her to one side as the vehicle whizzed past her within the nearest possible distance free of danger. She had a very narrow escape. She had given a slight scream when a disaster seemed inevitable, but in the excitement of the moment seemed to be none the worse. A reaction followed, however, and complaining of feeling rather faint, she consented to take Service's arm. When, quite recovered again, she wanted to resume her independence, the young man's protests prevailed upon her to allow her arm to remain in his, evidence of consideration on her part, which had the effect of warming him into unusual communicativeness.

"I may tell you one thing, Minnie, which occurred to-day. My reason for not talking more about myself and those about me is—well, it is the case of you and your mother. Besides, I find you so interesting that I prefer to hear you talk about yourself and the little incidents connected with the theatre—it is all so new to me. My people, you know, are a strait-laced lot. But to-day something occurred which I may as well tell you; though, frankly, when I come to think of it, the relation won't give me much pleasure if it should in any way interrupt our intimacy."

"When are you coming to it?"

"Well, you see, to-day I became engaged to be married."

She looked so incredulous that he felt it necessary to emphasise the statement, and he did so with a sense of irritation.

Minnie took off the brooch. He feared for a moment that she suspected for whom it was originally intended, and was going to return it. But her action was prompted by no suspicion of the truth, and she was not accustomed to do the conventional thing. She put the brooch in her pocket. Her precise motive for doing this was, possibly, as much a mystery to herself—granted that the action was a conscious one—as it certainly was to Service.

"Then I sha'n't see you again, I suppose?" she said, the hardness of her manner being almost imperceptibly accentuated.

"Of course you shall see me again."

"But—but does *she* know about the sixty times?" she asked, half smilingly.

"Good heavens! no."

"Then—then you deceive her? Or is it, perhaps, that I—I don't count, and it isn't worth while telling her?"

"Upon my word, it isn't that."

"It seems queer, though, that you should tell me about her and not her about me, doesn't it? I would rather be me."

"But it won't make any difference to us, will it?" said Service, anxiously.

"Is—is she very pretty?"

"So—so."

"Have you known her long?"

"For ages. We are relatives, you see, and she expected it—everybody expected it. It was a sort of fact in the family, you know. And circumstances somehow brought things to a point to-day. I couldn't tell you very well how it happened. Why have you taken your arm away?"

She made no reply, and they walked on in silence for some time. Then they turned into a long, monotonous terrace. Minnie stopped in front of one of the houses and held out her hand: "Good night."

"But—"

"Good-bye."

"Don't go in yet."

"I must."

"You look so serious. What are you thinking about?"

"Her. You shouldn't deceive her. You mustn't come to see me again—without you tell her about the sixty times. I know I shouldn't like it. Good night—good-bye." She had put a key into the latch and entered the door before Service had time to expostulate further. He put his face close to the door. "Pray, pray come back, it isn't good-bye at all," he called in a muffled voice.

But if Minnie heard him she took no notice, and many hours later, when he reached his quarters in Kensington, after making a long and unaccountable détour on the way, the gas-lamps were looking sickly in the grey morning light.

On the evening of the same day Service occupied his usual stall at the Imperial Theatre. He arrived just before the curtain had risen for the ballet. His face wore a curiously set expression, not at all characteristic of him, and when the curtain had risen an anxious look sprang into his eyes as they wandered from one person on the stage to another, and he moved restlessly in his stall. The look of anxiety developed into one of alarm—Minnie was not on the stage. He left his seat and went round to the stage-door, but could obtain no satisfactory explanation for her absence; whereupon he hailed a hansom, and, urging the driver to proceed quickly, within half an hour he was at the door of the house in the monotonous terrace at Islington.

His summons was answered by Minnie herself, looking very pale. She started when she saw him, and held her hand to the bosom of her dress.

"Why weren't you at the theatre?" he demanded breathlessly.

"I—I wasn't well."

"What was the matter?"

"That horse last night, perhaps. I don't know. What do you want—oh! why have you come?" The hand which she was holding to her bosom doubled spasmodically, and gripped a ribbon which lay there.

The excitement under which Service laboured made him almost incoherent.

"Minnie, it's all off! I have broken with her—told her about the sixty times—everything! Dreadful scene this afternoon—"

"Well—but what do you want?" said Minnie, leaning against the passage wall, she felt so weak.

"Want? Good heavens! don't you understand? I want you—Will you marry me?"

"Yes—with all my heart," she replied frankly, and at once. Service took her hand, which was trembling very much. "And—and," Minnie went on, "you may come in—just this once."

POETS IN BOOKLAND.—VII.

THE BOOKWORM.

He never read Dame Nature's book—
The finch's nest, the moldwarp's burrow—
Nor stood to mark the careful rook
Peer sidelong down the newest furrow;
He never watched the warbler dart
From stem to stern among the sedges,
But, hands behind him, paced apart
Between the tall-cut hornbeam hedges.

And so his blameless years rolled by,
To-day the double of to-morrow;
No wish to smile, no need to sigh,
No heart for mirth, no time for sorrow.
His forehead wore a deeper frown,
Eyes grew more dim, and cheeks more hollow,
Till friendly Death one day stepped down,
And lightly whispered, "Rise and follow."

But Fame, victorious maid, resists
The doom for which grey Time intends us,
Immortal titles crowd the lists
Which Mr. Quaritch kindly sends us!
"Twixt Drelinecourt and Dryden thrust,
What name confronts you, lone and chilling?
"The works of Gilbert Dryasdust:
Quarto; 3 vols.; old calf; a shilling."

LORD HOUGHTON.

AN INTERVIEWER AT HOME.

A CHAT WITH MR. HARRY HOW.

To interview an interviewer is as daring a task as may be found in a day's march. Fear possessed my soul (says a *Sketch* representative) as



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.
MR. HARRY HOW.

I made my way to the Kensington home of Mr. Harry How, the famous *Strand* interviewer. Tremblingly I rang the bell, despondingly I entered Mr. How's pretty, cosy den.

"Is this chat really necessary?" its owner asked, seemingly in an alarmed way.

"Decidedly," was my reply, emphatically uttered on seeing my victim as terrified as myself.

At that moment Mrs. How, a composer of some excellent march music, entered the room. She gave us some tea. Our drooping spirits revived. A glance around Mr. How's study revealed many interesting things. On the walls hung autograph portraits and pictures galore of the prominent men and women whose personality Mr. How has so pleasantly given to the world. Each has its pretty story to tell. On a table is John Stuart Blackie's "Robert Burns," given by the Professor himself; close by are Mr. Harry Furniss's caricatures of the interviewer; elsewhere is one of the rare etchings of Queen Victoria. It represents a nurse holding the baby Princess Royal in her arms, and has the inscription, "V.R. del. & selt. 22/2 1841." Another interesting object is a Harrow School birch, "given" to Mr. How by Dr. Welldon, who suggested at

the time that the interviewer should lie on a form! Mr. How respectfully, but firmly, declined. In the dining-room is a capital caricature by Alfred Bryan representing Mr. How in the pursuit of his profession. These and other interesting curiosities and mementoes looked at, we settled down for a chat.

"I hear that you are giving some lectures on 'Interviews and Interviewing.' Is that so?" I asked.

"Quite so," he replied. "Some months ago I received a pressing invitation to give a lecture on my experiences and work, being offered excellent terms. I begin on Oct. 23. My lecture-entertainment—for that is what it is—will be illustrated by some sixty lantern slides."

"Now I want some particulars about yourself—biographical first."

"Right; we'll go ahead," was his laughing reply. "I am twenty-nine years of age, and my whole life has been a toss-up whether I should go on the stage or take to literature."

"And you were born—"

"Within the sound of Bow Bells. I am a Cockney, and pride myself upon being a Cockney. My first literary crime was a manuscript magazine of a religious character, and I remember offering a prize of a shilling a quarter to readers who best answered questions like the following: 'How far is Jerusalem from Samaria?' 'Give the parable of the lost sheep in poetry,' and 'Describe the natural features of Palestine.'"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," went on How, mournfully. "I went to the City of London Middle-Class Schools, in Cowper Street. Here I wrote my first little novel in a twopenny note-book. It was entitled 'Robert of Normandy: a Romance of 1066,' in which I sought to immortalise my school-fellows by calling the generals in attendance upon Robert by their names. My schoolmaster—a Mr. Dronfield, I think—got hold of this, and began to read it to the class, but when he came to the passage where Robert of Normandy took a steamer for England he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. While at school I made my first appearance as an actor, but, notwithstanding my theatrical inclinations, the only prizes I took were those for Scripture."

"And then you left school, I suppose?"

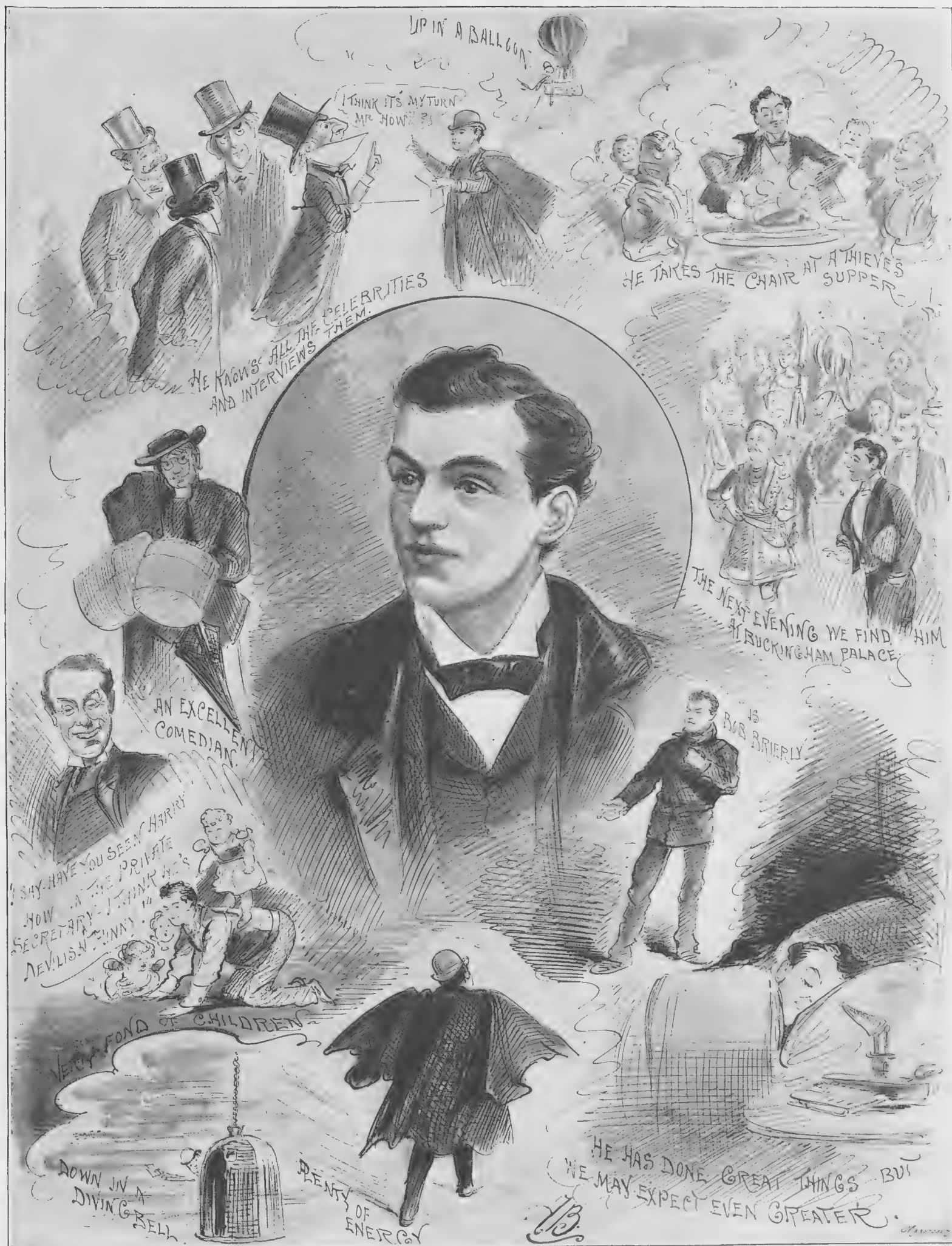
"When I was fifteen or sixteen, I studied for some time in the evenings at the City of London College. I drifted into commercial pursuits, and became a writer of theatrical notes for a small Glasgow paper. I was then very stage-struck, and, although I have met Mr. Irving many times, he probably does not remember writing to a young man, whose age was fifteen at the most, a most kindly and fatherly letter urging him not to go on the stage. I also applied at the Princess's while Mr. Wilson Barrett was there, when Mr. Hermann, I think, told me what rehearsals meant and what the pay of a super was, the only position he could offer me. This frightened me, and I rushed back to the desk."

"Keeping up your newspaper connection?"

"Yes, and extending it. But all this time I was earning nothing by journalism. My sweetheart urged me to push on. My first article for which I was paid brought two pounds thirteen shillings. It appeared in *Tit-Bits*, and described a night in a thieves' kitchen in Whitechapel. Mr. Newnes told me he would take as much of the same stuff as I could possibly write. Other newspaper work followed, and I plucked up hope. I love the East End, and it proved a little gold mine to me. The



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.
MR. HOW INTERVIEWING VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.



VARIOUS VIEWS OF MR. HOW.

DRAWN BY ALFRED BRYAN.



Photo by A. Adkins, Stoke Newington.

MR. HOW AS PETER PROBITY IN "THE CHIMNEY CORNER."

lodging-houses in the Flower and Dean Street district and elsewhere are as familiar to me as my own home.

"And what followed this?"

"Oh, during all this time I was hard at work acting in amateur and other performances, and got up every morning at five o'clock to learn my parts. Then I wanted to make a bit of a sensation. I determined to become a street reciter, and I think I was the first journalist who did that. I dressed all in black, with a clean collar and black tie, and polished boots, looking altogether a most interesting individual. Don't think I'm boasting when I say the experiment was a great success. In one collection alone, after the recital of a single poem, I got 9s. 3d. One of my 'pitches' was just out of Mare Street, Hackney. There was a public-house at the corner. In 'Billy's Rose'—one of the pieces I recited—there is a mention of several Biblical names, and the publican mistook me for a street preacher. He came out and ordered me off. This led to a terrible row, in which my audience took my part. Explanations ensued, the publican was satisfied, and at the conclusion of the next piece a contribution was sent out from the public-house. This experience was a turning-point. I sent an article to *Tit-Bits* describing my adventures, and my birthday of that year was a happy one, for the birthday present was no less than an engagement by Mr. Newnes."

"How did the idea of the 'Illustrated Interview' come to you?"

"During my connection with *Tit-Bits* I did a good deal of interviewing, and when Mr. Newnes started the *Strand* the happy thought occurred to me that it would be interesting to give interviews well illustrated. Mr. Newnes looked with favour upon this idea, and asked me whom I should suggest for the first subject. I said 'Cardinal Manning.'"

"Did the Cardinal's manner impress you?"

"Cardinal Manning was one of the most striking men I have ever met. He had a smile which I have seen reproduced, and that is by Henry Irving as Cardinal Wolsey. I was talking to Mr. Irving one day and asked him if he had ever met Manning. He never had. Montagu Williams once said to me, 'If I were ill and dying, there is only one man I should send for if I wanted any spiritual comfort: that man is Cardinal Manning.'"

"Manning," went on How, "was perfectly kind. I met him many times. He and I were photographed together—curiously enough, the last photograph ever taken of him—and at our last meeting a very interesting incident occurred. I asked him for some little memento of our chats together. I should here tell you that the subject of religion had never been touched upon. He said, with a twinkle in his eye, 'Certainly, certainly,' and he tottered across his room to a pile of books on a table. He picked up a book, and, opening the fly-leaf, began to write, 'To Henry,' when I interposed and said—

"'Would your Eminence mind writing "Harry"—the name by which I am generally called?'"

"He looked up, and said—

"'I am afraid it is too late. You see, I have written it; but'—with a beautiful smile—'my name is Henry, too'; and he finished the inscription by writing from 'Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop.' The title of the book was 'The Grounds of Faith.'"

"Who is the most impressive man I ever met? I reply at once—Henry Irving. I know you will say my love for the stage creeps in here. Nothing of the kind. The first morning I met Irving in his rooms at Grafton Street, notwithstanding the little I knew about theatrical work, I was struck dumb. His magnetic presence quite overwhelmed me."

"How did you find Lord Wolsey as a subject?"

"My interview with Lord Wolsey was one of the longest I have ever written. I spent two days with him, and a very amusing circumstance happened while I was there. I thought it would be a capital thing to have a portrait of 'our eminent General' in his study, and he was good enough to suggest that we should be photographed together. His study was a very dark room, and the photographer informed us that the exposure would be a somewhat lengthy one. Lord Wolsey took up his position by his desk standing—as he always works—and I stood with my back to a gas stove, quite forgetful of the length of the exposure. A minute passed by. My legs began to get warm. In a very few seconds an aroma of burning cloth filled the air. Another few seconds elapsed, when I realised that if I stood the whole time of exposure I should probably finish up with very well-done legs. I shouted out to the photographer to put the cap on the camera. Lord Wolsey turned to me, and said, 'Why, can't you stand still for a time, Mr. How?' Pointing to the stove, I hazarded the remark, 'I am not a soldier, my Lord. I cannot stand fire.' I think Lord Wolsey forgave me."

"How do your subjects take the interview?"

"Very kindly. They are always very considerate, and help me in every possible way. You may think my methods of interviewing different to those of other people. I think the public to-day is a fireside public, and, as a man is never so cosy as when in his own room, I have attempted to bring men and women who have attained to eminence in their respective walks in life into a cosy atmosphere. Your great man loves his dog, and your great woman is fond of her canary. The people like to know of these things. When a man attains to eminence he often frightens, but when his less fortunate brothers and sisters know that he can light his pipe and spin his story with them all, the man and the public become on better terms than it would be possible to attain by any other means. Yes, my interviews are homely, but the people are homely, I am homely, and we must meet on a homely level. That is why my interviews are as you find them."



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. HOW INTERVIEWING THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.

THE INDIAN ROCK SNAKE.

BY CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

The splendid pythoness here-illustrated places beyond doubt the question, "Do snakes care for their young?" If her endurance of these score or so of irrepressible snakelings does not positively partake of maternal affection, then is her forbearance an example, indeed, to all mothers. With movements of her body, ever so slight, she could, if so minded, crush the life out of them as easily as an elephant could crush a mouse under his ponderous foot. She could, if hungry, make short work of them by way of a dinner; but, on the contrary, she is entirely happy as we see her, and would soon resent your interference. The interesting feature in the case is that she incubated her eggs, having coiled herself over them so as to entirely cover them, and thus waited patiently the eight long weeks, until the young brood emerged from the leather-like shell, and forthwith proceeded to constrict and swallow a sparrow each, or a mouse or two. Within a week, probably, they all crawled out of their first coat, as all young snakes cast their epidermis early in life. Then they were measured by inches. In the illustration, at six weeks old, they appear to be some three feet long.

We owe to zoological gardens fine opportunities of observing animals, and certifying facts concerning them, which but rarely occur to the traveller. Suppose someone, wandering in strange tropical solitudes,

than the surrounding atmosphere, &c. That the snake did not resent these daily thermometers, but remained passive under examination, speaks only more decisively of maternal devotion. That the eggs were not hatched under the circumstances was, perhaps, of minor importance. "Reptiles are obedient to the surrounding temperature"—that is, their circulation is not equal to maintaining a higher degree of warmth than the air about them, which is why they are so easily overcome by cold and hibernate during winter. In the case of incubation it is proved that the temperature does rise several degrees above the external atmosphere, and that snakes, therefore, do hatch their eggs by the warmth of their own body.

The pythons are natives of the hottest parts of India, Africa, and Australia, and are among the largest of the constricting snakes, sometimes exceeding 20 ft. in length. They are represented in America by the true boas and the anaconda, which produce their young alive. Many smaller non-venomous snakes are now known to incubate their eggs, even our common English ring snake, when circumstances are not propitious for their being hatched otherwise. Out of doors these "ring" or "grass" snakes deposit their eggs in manure-heaps or where there is sufficient warmth to hatch them, but in confinement they prefer to take charge of them themselves. Dr. Stradling had a tame ring snake which incubated her eggs, and Keeper Tyrrell, at the Zoological Gardens, has on several occasions had ring snakes thus produce a large brood. He has been successful with the eggs of some other snakes besides—*Coluber eximius*, for example. He is careful to maintain a regular temperature



PYTHON MOLURUS.

did come across a snake coiled upon her eggs, he would not know how long she had been there, or how long he must wait to see her move away. Indeed, he could only guess from her persistent immobility that there was some reason for the unusual quiescence, and he would escape with all speed from so formidable a reptile. Thus, from very early ages some snakes have been "said to" hatch their eggs in this manner; but it was not until a python, in the Paris Zoological Gardens, in 1841, hatched a young brood, after incubating them for fifty-six days, that the fact and all its attendant circumstances were scientifically established. She remained perfectly motionless during those eight weeks, eating nothing during that period, or, indeed, for three months previously. Detailed accounts of the interesting event were duly recorded in the scientific journals of the day, and have been since quoted in many ophiological works. Subsequently, several similar cases have occurred in our own Zoological Gardens, though not yet with such successful results. In 1862 a *Python sebae*, from West Africa, laid a large number of eggs, more, indeed, than she could effectually cover with her coils, and she remained on them her fifty-six days, and many more, for untoward accidents occurred to disturb her, and none of them were hatched. Again, in 1881, another *Python molurus*, but smaller than our present example, laid about twenty eggs, and proceeded to incubate them, but also without hatching any. Not only was the fact of incubation interesting to science, but the degree of temperature essential to the hatching of a brood of young snakes, and whether the temperature of the mother rises at the time as that of birds does when hatching their eggs. The opportunities afforded at the London Zoological Gardens for solving this inquiry were not to be neglected. The authorities, therefore, duly supplied with the very best self-regulating thermometers, repaired daily to the Reptilium, faithfully to chronicle the temperature of the patient python: how warm she was on her outer coils, how warm next the floor, how warm between her coils, and how much warmer altogether

and just sufficient moisture in the cage, and has found the period of incubation generally to average the eight weeks.

The late warm season seems to have been favourable to snake mothers. It is reported that both at Leipzig and at Hamburg a brood of young pythons has been produced; also at Amsterdam, I am told, but as yet we have no authentic account of them.

A SNAKE STORY.

The Calcutta *Englishman* tells a story of an American who during a twelve years' residence in the Philippines was witness of more than one gruesome incident. He says: "In the warehouse in which I slept, on a plantation in Mindanao, a tame python was kept to clear out the rats, which were a formidable nuisance. The snake was 15 ft. long, brown and yellow in colour, and as docile as a dog. At first it was rather trying to my nerves to have him glide over my bed and not unfrequently coil himself up at the foot and go to sleep there, but soon I got used to him. He was regarded as utterly harmless, but subsequent events showed this was a terrible mistake. We had a German boy in the office, about eighteen years of age, and of very sturdy frame. He was in the habit of teasing the snake, catching it by the tail and annoying the poor brute in various ways. One morning I heard a loud scream from the warehouse, and running thither, I saw the boy holding on to the edge of a cask, and the snake just uncoiling from his body. I ran to the boy, and he dropped to the floor, stone dead. On examination by the doctor, it was found that every bone in his body was not only broken, but smashed as if done by a hammer. One of the natives saw the whole affair. Jacob had trodden on the python's tail, and was at once caught near the throat by the teeth of the enraged snake, while, quick as lightning, three coils were thrown round his body. The lad gave one agonised cry and all was over."

BEDFORDSHIRE LACE.

A very handsome bedspread and suite of Bedfordshire lace was recently presented to the daughter of Mr. Whitbread, M.P. for Bedford, as a wedding-gift. The accompanying illustration shows a corner of the quilt, which was lined with yellow silk and bordered by a deep frill of the same. As few out of the county know much of this industry, some particulars may be interesting. Some beautiful work done in the cottages of the county is on view at the World's Fair, and any day in a drive round the county-town may be found women with their "pillows" on their laps and their nimble fingers among the "bobbins" (which are not at all like the reels called "bobbins" in Yorkshire). As you watch the process, they seem to be making "confusion worse confounded" instead of making lace.

They produce the strong, effective Maltese pattern, the useful Torchon, and the finer, filmer type, which bears a close resemblance to the highly prized Mechlin. Legend informs us that Catherine of Arragon introduced the manufacture into Bedfordshire while she was residing at Ampthill. In any case, much benefit has been derived by the peasantry from the work, and more might accrue if the producer

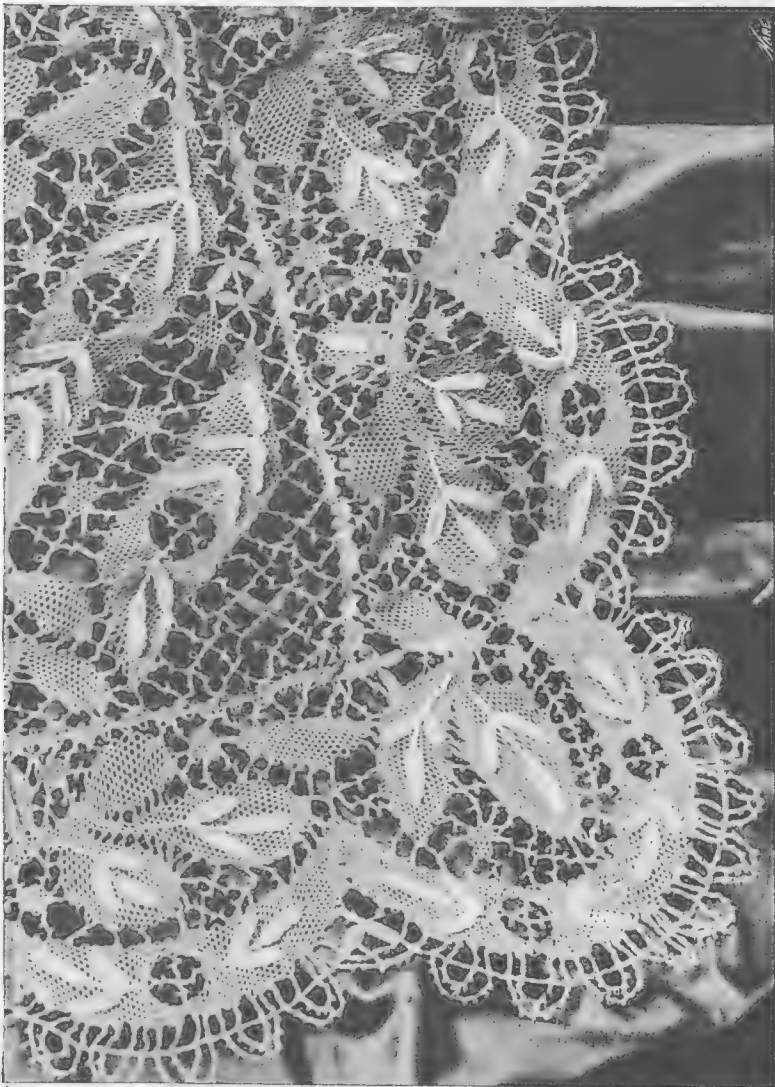


Photo by Blake and Edgar, Bedford.

and the consumer could be brought into direct relation. Prices are low—too low—when a woman, working diligently for the whole day, would not make more than about a yard, three-quarters of an inch wide, of moderately fine edging, for which she would receive at the shop only threepence, and this after having found her own cotton. Bedfordshire lace of the stronger make furnishes many articles of use and beauty—tea-cosies, sachets, comb-bags, antimacassars, toilet-covers, d'oyleys, pin-cushions, covers, besides edgings and insertions of all widths and various degrees of strength and of delicacy, from the most exquisite and dainty handkerchief trimmings to the almost everlasting work in the illustration.

It is not an uncommon sight to see a woman of seventy years of age deftly manipulating these mysterious bobbins in her tiny room. The writer remembers once, in Bunyan's cottage at Elstow, on a fine spring morning, seeing a woman sitting by the open door which faced her garden, busy at her "pillow"—as the round cushion on her lap is named—and making a pleasant picture of domestic industry in a home art—a much more cheery sight, certainly, than many to be seen where women's hands are adding to the domestic store. Such writers as Mr. Alan Cole have sung the praises of lace in enthusiastic tones. In Malta one occasionally sees specimens of lace framed as pictures on the walls of the houses, where it is so highly esteemed as a fine art; it is not an unusual testimony to the great beauty of the handiwork of which the Maltese are justly proud. The delicacy of their designs are rivalled by the women of Bedfordshire, as exemplified above.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It was too much to be expected that M. Zola would come, see, conquer, eat, drink, and be merry, and return to his native land without arousing some outburst of pious wrath on the part of the male variety of the British matron. Accordingly, at a sort of debating society called the Church Congress the Head Master of Harrow arose in the cause of sound morals—as he conceived them—and solemnly denounced the Institute of Journalists, the Authors' Club, and other organisations for having welcomed the "infamous" writer. An unhappy person who tried weakly to excuse the British journalists on the ground that they welcomed, not the novelist, but the journalist in Zola met with the usual blessed lot of the peacemaker, being scornfully repudiated on both sides. The honours of the conflict, such as it was, and such as they were, rested with the warlike Welldon, and it was more than ever obvious to impartial observers that the champion of morality was predestined to a bishopric, not to say an archbishopric.

For a Bishop must be zealous, that he may keep his diocese going. Yet he must also be of abounding discretion, lest he should do more harm than good. Hence the safest man for the post is evidently one who can combine the fire of the iconoclast with the reverence of the image-worshipper, who can assume the fierce and resolute countenance of one going to inevitable martyrdom, in order to announce with due prophetic fervour the fact—astonishing in novelty, but yet commanding instant assent—that two and two make four. He who can, with the earnestness of an apostle, play to the British gallery—his head calls for the mitre.

It is hardly necessary to point out to any properly educated person that M. Zola is not an "infamous" writer, any more than Juvenal or Aristophanes. He has taken a problem of heredity as the foundation for his series of novels, and worked out a series of studies of individuals and families displaying the intermingling characteristics of their ancestry. In the course of this investigation he has also made a series of studies of various phases of modern life under the conditions of a corrupt society. He has painted vice and crime, if anything, blacker than they really are, and has probably given to the evil and repulsive elements of human life a greater prominence than they actually assume. But this is the manner of the satirist or preacher attacking corruption, not of the vicious writer who spreads filth abroad for his own profit. The reproach of M. Zola's realism is that he makes brutality more brutal than it really is; but from the moralist's point of view this is an error on the right side.

Unfortunately, a good many readers of Zola read merely those parts of his works that deal with more or less dirty matters, and gloat over details without applying the moral. But is that necessarily the novelist's fault? The prurient mind can extract its loved food from the most unlikely and impossible quarters. It is with impurity as with diseases: the healthy man can walk unharmed through a germ-laden air that would be certain death to the sickly. That Zola has collected—with a scientific aim—a fine and large assortment of foulnesses, none will deny; but when we adjudge a man "infamous" it is because his aim is bad, not because his methods may be dangerous.

Of course, Zola is hardly profitable reading for young girls; nor are his works, in the main, suitable for reading in class by "my Harrow boys" of the "modern side." Not that there is not plenty of Zola which could be read with perfect safety by anyone. Similarly, one presumes that the edition of Juvenal in use at Harrow omits the Sixth Satire, and that the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes is not a favourite text-book for the remnant that still learn Greek. But the literary standard of the permissible is not the same in France as in England. M. Zola is a hard-working, decent, orderly *bourgeois*, with a moral aim and an optimistic belief in hard work, who by sheer industry has achieved a remarkable eminence in French literature. In welcoming him to England our authors and journalists simply recognised the fact.

Repulsive as parts of Zola's writings are, you never feel that he lingers lovingly over vice, but rather is impressed with its loathsomeness more keenly than an average man would be. There is a note of disgust and contempt running through his descriptions; and if we are to hold him "infamous," then certain chapters of Jeremiah and Ezekiel not read in churches must involve those prophets in a similar censure. But the really dangerous and unseemly feature of Zola's work is a tendency (at times) to a certain dish-water sentimentality of the greasy German order, confounding vice and virtue in one lukewarm wash. There is a strong dose of this slop in "Le Docteur Pascal." But this washy sentiment, while it is the taint of the novelist, is the very element of the modern philanthropist and humanitarian and eloquent moralist. MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



ARQUEBUSIER BERNOIS (CHILLON).—E. BURNAND.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

ART NOTES.

On the whole, the exhibition of Watanabe Setei's work, now on view at 28, New Bond Street, may be called singularly fascinating and attractive. It is a matter to note and observe with very great satisfaction that here is a collection by a single artist of pictures that have absolutely no vulgar and coarse failing. Every line has its own refinement and its own history of—rejection. There is no blatant overmassing of detail, no clamorously disgraceful colouring; all is quiet, refined, and elegant.

Occasionally, indeed, the Japanese master's quietness persuades him into tameness. It has before been observed, and it is worth while observing yet once again, that this tameness is only apparent when he departs from his native conventions, and seeks to accomplish success in the personal art of such a painter, say, as Corot. In these attempts the native training fails the ambitious artist, so that when the delicate

Dr. Evans, the well-known American-Parisian, whose name is almost historical in connection with that of the Empress Eugénie at the time of the Revolution of 1870, has just accomplished a curious little piece of beneficial specialism in the city of his adoption. He has presented a large mansion, situated in the Rue de la Pompe, to a committee, in order that it may provide accommodation for fifty American ladies, who are studying sculpture and engraving in Paris. The gift, though a curious one to record, is, as a matter of fact, said to be much needed by this class of artist, and, until Dr. Evans's generous offer, only lack of funds have prevented American residents from forming some such scheme before.

Is the art of line-engraving in the final throes of its existence? It would, indeed, seem so. Messrs. Virtue have just issued a reproduction of Mr. Holman Hunt's "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," and have accompanied the publication with an announcement to the effect that this is probably the last line-engraving likely to be published in



ON SALHOUSE GREAT BROAD, NORFOLK.

Photo by C. Geard.

Japanese treatment of line and colour, with their single and singular appropriateness, are applied to the general and unified effectiveness of landscape, their witchery grows a little blank.

This artist, then, must be judged from two standpoints, since he has attempted two distinct methods. As an exponent and individual artist of Japanese conventional art, as in such pictures as "Kingfisher" and "A Pair of Garnets," it would be difficult to imagine anything more delightful and exquisite. Here is a painter who has absolutely conquered the beauties of that beautiful convention; but, and we may say it with some pleasure, he has yet to learn something from Europe, and if he would rival European art at its best he must learn from its fulness. After all, he had better abide by his Japan.

The Corporation of Liverpool decline to allow the grass to grow under their feet, and their additions to the Walker Gallery continue to find record. Their latest purchases are experiments in the most modern school of English art, consisting of Mr. D. Murray's "Meadow Sweets," Mr. J. B. Burgess's "The Old Hero," Mr. Segantini's "Punishment of Luxury," and Mr. Summerseales' "A Man Overboard." The first two of this series were hung in the Royal Academy's exhibition of this year.

this country. The *St. James's Gazette* recalls that the old race of line-engravers has by this time passed away, a list which includes such names as Lumb Stocks, E. Brandard, the two Cousins, and the one or two that remain are unable to receive any more commissions. Some forms of line-engraving, such as those used for bank-notes and similar plates still, of course, remain; but the art is now practically dead. After all, this result was inevitable: all races of Titans still fulfil the legend of old, and are dethroned by new gods. And then the Titans that are dead seem quite deplorable creatures.

Death has been very busy with artists lately; but one may hope that Mr. Sidney Cooper's illness will not prove as serious as once it was mournfully expected. The liveliest interest has been taken by his Academic colleagues in the condition of his health, and Sir Frederick Leighton, who is at present in Italy, has not failed to put himself in constant communication with those who are near the venerable artist, who has maintained the peculiar character of his art with so little deflection into years so advanced.

The Academy, indeed, is never inclined to forget those whom it has once delighted to honour; but it has exclusive views in regard to those

whom it has chosen to forget in life. It has been put on record that only one Academician, Mr. Alma-Tadema, was present at the funeral of Ford Madox Brown, which took place at Finchley the other day. There were many others, however, by the graveside, who brought with them many memories of the past. Mr. William Rossetti, Mr. Holman Hunt, and Mr. Theodore Watts were all there to do honour to the artist who, whatever his artistic claims might have been, was practically the father of a serious movement, in which they all had joined, and towards which they had shown past enthusiasm and devotion.

We have chronicled the immediate erection in Paris of a monument to a distinguished Parisian sculptor. The fact calls to mind the existence of a society which has just been formed, called the "Society of Friends of Parisian Monuments." The many "improvements" which have been swallowing up various public monuments are responsible for the foundation of this society, which contemplates with a particular horror a scheme of the Western of France Railway for the construction of a great terminus close to the river on the Esplanade des Invalides. The reason for this step need not be chronicled here; but the society is making warm protest against a scheme which will certainly destroy a very artistic aspect of the city, which will as certainly destroy many historic sites, and which will do much to disfigure the Seine.

The October *Butterfly* (Walter Haddon) has spread its wings. Mr. Edgar Wilson leads off with a clever frontispiece; then comes a bright ballad on "A Lost Faculty," by L. Godfrey-Turner, adorned with little illustrations by Oscar Eekhardt. An interval of comic pages follows—quaint conceits

PAINTED SCREEN.—AMY SAWYER.
Exhibited by the Arts and Crafts Society at the New Gallery.



also, of a marble statue of the Queen, destined for Oodeypore, and of various statuettes of more or less distinguished persons. He was elected thirteen years ago to the position of Associate of the Royal Academy. The Academy has, indeed, lost very heavily of late by death.



THE VISION OF DANTE.—DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE; EXECUTED IN NEEDLEWORK BY MRS. CRANE.
Exhibited by the Arts and Crafts Society at the New Gallery.

by Maurice Greiffenhagen and L. Raven-Hill. Under the title of "Old Gough," John Gray writes a labour story, and John S. Moore entertains us with his views on an aquarium. The headpiece to this article is particularly original in style. Arnold Golsworthy's poem, "All About it," and "The Jackal Pen" are other features of this number of the magazine, which completes the first volume.

Everywhere there is news of death. On Monday last the death of Mr. Charles Bell Birch, A.R.A., took place, the sculptor dying at the age of sixty-one. Mr. Birch was born at Brixton in 1832, and began his studies in art at a very early period of life. He lived in Germany during his later youth, and returned to England in 1852, when he gained two medals in the schools of the Royal Academy. He then acted for some ten years as assistant to Mr. Foley, R.A., and at length, after much assiduous labour, he won the Art Union prize of £600 by a group which was selected as one of the representative works of British Art for the Vienna, Paris, and Philadelphia Exhibitions. The group was called "The Wood Nymph," and was executed in marble. Perhaps his most important work from a public standpoint was the Griffin which took the place of Temple Bar when that inconvenient but historic monument was removed from the streets of London. He was the artist of the life-size statue of Lord Beaconsfield which was executed for the Junior Carlton Club. He was the sculptor,

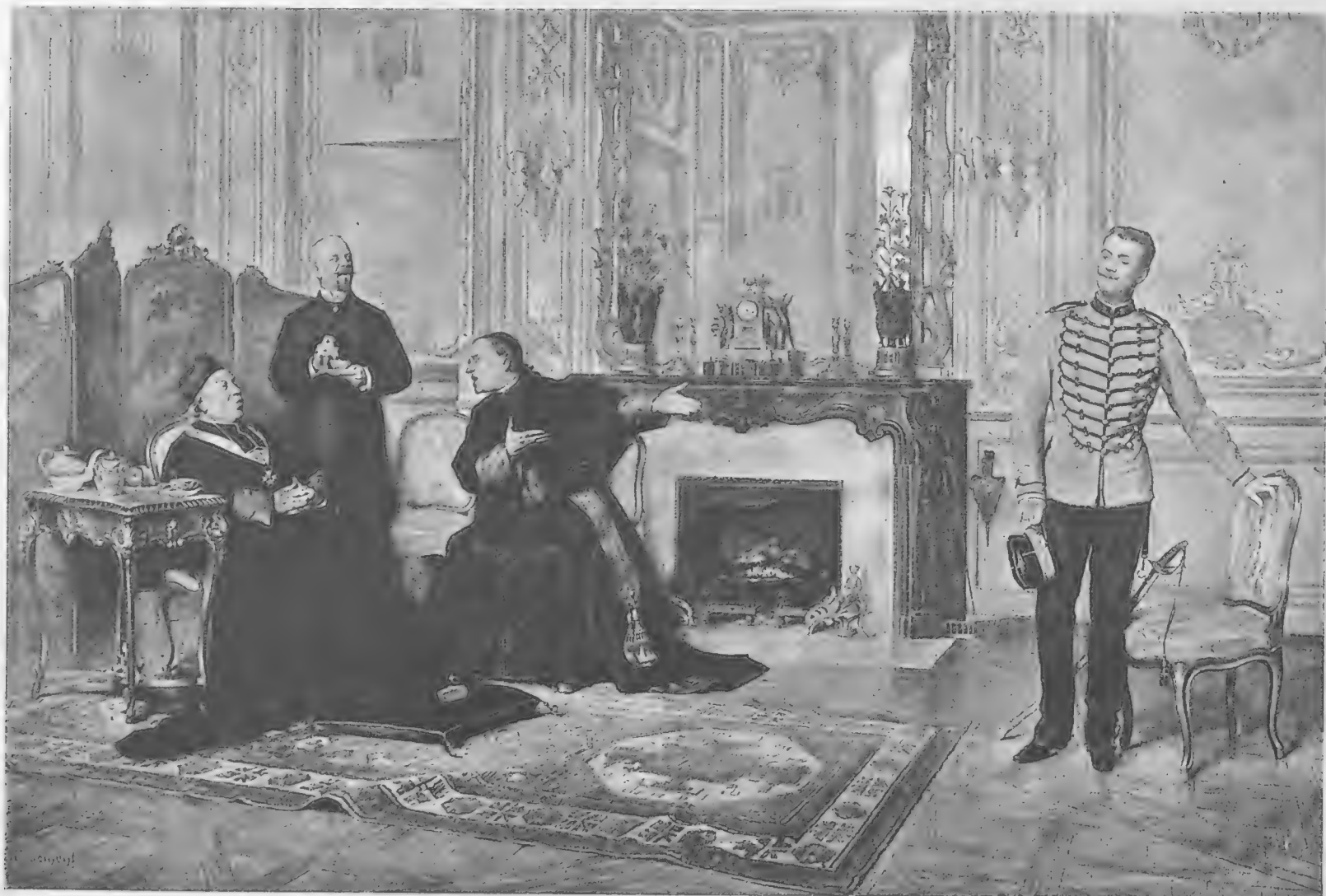
The chief artistic events of the somewhat dull artistic time that is just coming to an end have been in connection with excavations and with archaeological discoveries of various kinds. The first general meeting of the Hellenic Society was held a few days ago, when two papers were read, one of them dealing with the very interesting subject of archaic bronzes found in the Acropolis. Again, the Athenian Archaeological Society, in pursuing its investigations near Ilissus, discovered the other day an important votive relief of the fourth century B.C., representing the river Achelous as a male god in sitting posture, standing close to which are the figures of Hermes and Heracles. And in the same connection the *Athenaeum* records the discovery of some very ancient tombs in the isle of Salamis.



DREAMS.—PLAQUE DECORATED, "PÂTE SUR PÂTE," BY M. L. SOLON.
Exhibited by the Arts and Crafts Society at the New Gallery.



UNE DISTRIBUTION DE SECOURS DANS UN BUREAU DE BIENFAISANCE.— J. F. GUELDRY.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



L'ONCLE ET LE NEVEU.— H. LAISEMENT.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



MISS JESSIE BOND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

MISS JESSIE BOND.

I found Miss Jessie Bond drinking tea with her sister in a comfortable Kensington drawing-room, and surrounded by her fox-terriers, her cat, and her parrot—in fact, by all her domestic pets. She had just returned home from a long performance of the new opera, "Miami," at the Princess's, and was naturally tired; but I, as naturally, was anxious to learn what she thought of the part that this bright and popular little



MISS BOND.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

actress had been playing for the public's pleasure. Several hours of acting are not a good preparation for an inquisition, and when the tired artiste saw the relentless interviewing demon in my eye she looked helplessly at "Joey," the Amazon parrot, who responded with a comforting "Mother! Pretty dear!" But, as the American in "Sweet Lavender" says, "In English society while there's tea there's hope," and Miss Bond soon melted to my questions, like the sugar she put into my tea.

"This is quite a different kind of part from any you have played before?"

"Yes," said Miss Bond, with that enthusiasm she always displays when talking of her work. "Nelly O'Neil, the Irish nurse in 'Miami,' is the most dramatic part I have ever attempted, and it is intensely sympathetic."

"But Mad Margaret in 'Ruddigore' was a dramatic part?"

"Yes, and I loved it—in fact, it has always been my favourite part, but it had not, of course, the sympathy of Nelly O'Neil," said Miss Bond. "But I dance a wild Irish jig with my old Savoy comrade, Dick Temple, in the first act."

This recollection set Miss Bond laughing—the cheeriest laugh imaginable—so that "Joey" called from his cage, "Pretty Polly 'Opkins, how d'ye doo-oo?"

"I had a difficulty, for I had never played a dialect part in my life, but I studied the brogue assiduously. I conversed with all the old apple-women at the street corners, I ate Irish stews copiously, and I read the Home Rule speeches, so as to be able to manage it. Of course, had I known three weeks earlier that I was to play this part, I should have gone to Killarney, or Bray, or Connemara for my summer holiday, to learn the language of the country."

"Altogether, then, you have no cause to regret not being in the new Savoy opera?" I said this in the hope of drawing Miss Bond to explain why she left her old theatrical home after fourteen years of faithful service there.

"No cause for regret whatever," she replied. "I was very happy during my long engagement at the Savoy, but one can remain too long at one theatre—I had been at the Savoy all my stage life, you know—and it's often well to test the value of one's popularity in the open theatrical market."

"But your relations with the Savoy continue friendly, Miss Bond?"

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I went to see them rehearsing the new opera the other morning, and Mr. Gilbert, Sir Arthur, and Mr. Carte, as well as the company, all gave me a very cordial welcome. As to the new piece, there is no part in it that would have suited me. It is the only one of the Gilbert and Sullivan series, however, in which I have not appeared; but I was present at the production, though on the other side of the footlights."

The favourite fox-terrier suddenly leapt into Miss Bond's lap, and promptly received the desired and enviable fondling.

"You are as fond of animals as ever, I see."

"Oh, yes; I love them!" said Miss Bond, kissing the cold nose of the terrier.

"But what has become of all your other household gods, your valuable curios and theatrical souvenirs, your Oriental weapons, idols, and draperies, and your old tapestries?" I asked, remembering the endless interest of her home surroundings of a short while since.

"I've stored them all while I take a rest from housekeeping. You see, I have been so little in town since the run of 'Ma Mie Rosette' ceased, and I may tell you in confidence that enjoying myself in idleness agrees with me—for a time, at least—and I never felt better in my life. But I am glad to be at work again."

"What's o'clock?" came shrilly from the parrot.

We both looked instinctively at our watches, and when a pretty woman looks at her watch it needs a very audacious man to linger. So, wishing this delightful little artiste every success in her new impersonation, I took my leave regretfully, but resignedly.



MISS BOND AS CHINNA LOOFA IN "THE NAUTCH GIRL."

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

BOULOGNE EN FÊTE.

The Fête of the Assumption is to the French, and especially the fisher-folk, the greatest religious festival of the year. Birthdays, as we know, are held of slight account by our lively neighbours, the fête or name-day having taken its place to all intents and purposes. Now, the Feast of the Assumption is the fête-day of all the Mariés in France, and as in



Photo by Gerald Grey, Bristol.

FIRST COMMUNICANTS CARRYING THE BANNER OF THE SACRED HEART.

Boulogne scarce a man, woman, or child but bears the name, the Fifteenth of August is regarded as a general holiday, and Boulogne is one of the few towns in Republican France where all business traffic is allowed to give way on this occasion to an imposing procession, composed of fish-wives, sailors, confraternities, and schools, to say nothing of the clergy and ordinary population, who join in with a hearty goodwill.

Boulogne, if we are to believe the local traditions, has always been specially favoured by the Blessed Virgin; even to this day thousands of pilgrims come from all parts of France to pay their respects to Notre Dame de Boulogne, or rather to that portion of the miraculous statue still in the cathedral.

The legend runs that somewhere about the year 630 a boat without pilot or mariners on board was seen to enter the port of Boulogne: a bright light hovered over the bark, and as it floated gently on to the broad yellow sands for which Boulogne has since become famous the astonished Boulonnais became aware that the boat was manned by a wooden statue of the Virgin and Child, about three feet high, exquisitely carved and gilded. A copy of the Holy Scriptures, bound in silver, lay beside the image, which was carefully moved, boat and all,



Photo by Gerald Grey, Bristol.

SAILORS CARRYING A BOAT WITH THE IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

to the chapel on the hill. Be that as it may, certain it is that for many centuries Notre Dame de Boulogne attracted multitudes, including kings and princes, to the mediæval fishing village. But few people are aware that the Bois de Boulogne derives its name from the unholy rivalry of some enterprising monks, who, living at St. Cloud, close to Paris, set up an image which they led the faithful to believe was Notre Dame de Boulogne herself. However, this fraud was exposed, but the association of the name remained; hence, Boulogne is always known as Boulogne-sur-Mer, and "The Wood" is better known to many than its

original name-place. After surviving many vicissitudes, the image fell a victim to Revolutionary vandalism, being cast into a large bonfire, but not before a pious Boulonnais had managed to cut off one hand. In 1840, when the splendid new cathedral was consecrated, this strange relic was produced and solemnly presented to the parish priest; it was then enclosed in a silver-gilt heart and suspended on the new statue of Notre Dame de Boulogne.

The great feature of the Fête of the Assumption is this golden heart, which is solemnly borne by a number of stalwart sailors through the picturesque winding streets of the seaport town, while another group carry a roughly fashioned double-keeled boat, in which stands a replica of the miraculous image.

To a stranger coming from the busy world of modern English life, this strange, old-world procession seems to carry the spectator back to the world of Chaucer and of the Romaunt of the Rose. The dark-eyed girls, dressed in the spotless white robes of first communicants, add a welcome note of brightness and light to the devout throng. No sound can be heard save the solemn chanting of some ancient Latin hymn, and above the rapt, earnest faces of the people wave the great fringed banners, each embroidered with an appropriate legend or tapestried picture.

But once the procession is over Boulogne gives itself up to enjoyments of a more secular description. Lads and lasses spend the rest of the fête-day dancing and merrymaking, while their elders devote themselves to the more congenial business of eating and drinking, though even here the pious instincts of the Boulonnais are unexpectedly revealed in the little heart-shaped golden cakes, or *brioche*s, which are a feature of each *repas de gala*.

The attraction of Notre Dame de Boulogne has not been confined to France. England is too near to be beyond its reach, and Boulogne has often played a part in England's history. But this has been connected with war rather than with peace, and Notre Dame represents the Prince of Peace. The statue which surmounts the dome of the Basilica is turned towards England, not without a purpose, and the members of the Confraternity of Notre Dame de Boulogne say a prayer every day for England. The English Catholics have responded to this kindly feeling on the part of their brethren across the Channel, and, two years ago, 200 English pilgrims, under the auspices of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, visited the shrine, singing English hymns up the Grande Rue, through the Haute Ville to the Basilica. So pleasant are the recollections of this pilgrimage that the English Guild contemplates a renewal of the visit next August.

THE BRISTOWE MEMORIAL.

The best way of being remembered by the public is to do something for the public. That was what the late Mr. Thomas Lynn Bristowe, M.P. for the Norwood Division, did, for it was mainly through his efforts that Brockwell Park, Herne Hill, was secured for the inhabitants of South London. A certain melancholy interest attaches to the park, from the fact that Mr. Bristowe died on the very day it was opened; but this makes it all the more appropriate for a memorial to Mr. Bristowe being erected within its precincts, as has recently been done. The memorial takes the form of a bust of Mr. Bristowe, somewhat over life-size, and set upon a high pedestal with an ornate capital. On the front of the pedestal appears, in full relief, a figure of Perseverance presenting a branch of laurel; in the base is a bronze-gilt panel, with groups of children at play. The pedestal stands on a massive plinth, in which is a projecting drinking-fountain, of elliptical form; at the back is a metal door, enriched with a labyrinth to amuse the children. The whole stands about 16 ft. high, and is constructed of white mountain limestone. The work was designed by Mr. W. Brindley, and has been executed by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley; the figure sculpture was modelled by their artist, Mr. L. Chavalland. To the thousands who enjoy the benefits of the park the memorial ought to serve as a reminder of the man who did so much to acquire it.



THE "CHARTER-LAND."

A CHAT WITH MAJOR RICARDE-SEEVER.

Major Ricarde-Seever has just returned from a six months' trip to South Africa, where he acted as correspondent for the *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But the chief object of his visit was to examine and report on the mineral resources of both the Transvaal and of Mashonaland, a duty which he was eminently qualified to discharge, having been engaged as long ago as from 1856 to 1860 in scientific exploration in the direction of geology and mineralogy in the Andes of Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and South America, and subsequently filling for twelve years the post of Inspector-General of Mines under Government. His learned contributions to the Journals of the Royal Academies of Science of Spain and Portugal earned him many awards of distinction, including several orders of knighthood, while of his marriage with a Spanish princess of royal blood he may possibly feel as proud as of his own old Irish family.

"I've come back from South Africa because I was recalled," he told me a day or two ago, as I sat chatting with him in the *Athenæum* club. "There was no use in my stopping longer, for we are entirely dependent on the native labour of the Mashunas and Makalangas, and directly the war with Lobengula broke out these timid people struck work at once. Indeed, when the Chartered Company came into the country they had trouble enough in establishing sufficient confidence in these tribes to induce them to come down out of their mountains, in which they had hidden to escape the murderous raids of the Matabele."

"I suppose you have no doubt as to the issue of the war?"

"Oh, none whatever. These Matabele natives are a very different people to the warlike Zulus under Cetewayo whom we fought and conquered. They are Zulus, it is true, but they are a much more degenerate type, really the product of the union of the Zulus with the girls of the timid Mashunas and Makalangas tribes. In fact, they are not warriors who have any experience of fighting beyond occasional raiding cattle and massacring their more peaceable neighbours. I think the forces of the Bechuanaland Police, the Chartered Company, together with the Khamas, of which quite 5000 well-drilled and fully-armed, and eager to go for their hereditary enemy, can be put into the field, are quite capable of coping with Lobengula's impi."

"And what sort of fellow is Lobengula?"

"As astute a rascal as could well be. If he had had education according to our European standard, he would have made a statesman of eminence. I consider him quite the Bismarck of South Africa. The sending of the envoy Umshete with a letter to Queen Victoria was a clever stroke of diplomacy intended to gain time. He knows perfectly well, of course, that if we don't crush him before this month is out we shall have to give over till next year, for the rains commence about the middle of November, and the country will then be impracticable for transport and advance. The rains recently announced I consider desultory and premature, and they may retard the regular period, thus giving us time to advance."

"I suppose there's no truth whatever in the yarn on the Stock Exchange that the firing of the supposed Matabele on the Bechuanaland Police, as alleged, was a put-up job, originated by Mr. Rhodes to involve the Imperial Government in the war?"

"Certainly not, emphatically no. Mr. Rhodes is quite incapable of resorting to such a fraudulent policy. It cannot be denied, however, that the effect of that act of war has been most fortunate in awakening the Government to an appreciation of the crisis."

"What do you think of the Bechuanaland Border Police?"

"Thanks to their late able and gallant commander, Sir F. Carrington, there is no finer body of men, better officered, drilled, disciplined, and appropriate for the services required of them, probably in the world. I am sure no man more than Sir Frederick regrets his retirement at this

juncture, and had he known the war was 'on' he would have remained. His successor, Major Goold-Adams, is, however, an experienced and brave soldier, and will give a good account of himself and his gallant little troop of 500. You know, of course, that seventy picked men of the 'Black Watch' have volunteered from Cape Town, and have gone to the front, and many more will follow from other regiments. Sir Henry Loch, our High Commissioner, feels his old military instincts revive, and also goes north, to see for himself, and assist Mr. Rhodes in bringing this matter to prompt conclusion."

"And what do you suppose Mr. Selous is doing?"

"Ah, I'll tell you. You know he has been lost sight of for the last fortnight. My opinion is that he has picked out some of the best shots and the best horses, and is scouting in the direction of the Matoppos hills to find Lobengula himself. Selous has an old score to pay off with that dusky monarch for his attempt to kill him some time ago, the same as he murdered Mr. Sergeant and Captain Patterson. Selous knows the country like the palm of his hand, and if he 'draws a bead' on Lobengula, as they say in America, Lobengula is a dead man, for the hunter is a splendid shot. The King disposed of, the rest is easy."

"How so?"

"Why, immediately there will be a contest as to the succession. There is no hereditary monarchy with them. There are known to be two generals—Indunas of royal Zulu blood—each possessing a following of an impi of some 6000 to 7000 spears, and they will just go for one another like Kilkenny cats. Patriotism or common cause against the foreign enemy will be forgotten in the struggle for power. Lobengula's death is the trump card, and the day he is shot the shares of the company will be worth five pounds apiece. Lobengula is a bloodthirsty, cruel wretch, and a despicable object. Fat, gouty, and only capable of getting about in a bath-chair—a present, by-the-way, originally, from the Company—if it turns out a case of '*Sauve qui peut*' for him he will be in straits, and no one will regret it."

"Now, tell me, have you really every confidence in the agricultural capabilities and the mineral wealth of the country?"

"Most certainly. It's a climate specially suited to Europeans, the plateaux being between four and five thousand feet above sea-level, and the soil is remarkably fertile. As to the mineral wealth, I can specially speak from experience of my own investigation. The reefs of auriferous mineral matter are more abundant than I have found in any country, and we have developed down to 150 ft. from the surface. Besides, I have reliable information that in Lobengula's territory the alluvial soil by the

rivers is particularly rich in gold. One deponent witnesseth on affidavit that he penetrated without the knowledge of the Company—which has been most loyal in observing its contracts with Lobengula—into the Matabele country, and came on river soil where, by washing out only two pans, he found enough gold to completely fill his hand. However, he was discovered by the natives, the gold being taken from him, while he was made to return to Mashonaland."

"Then you look on the annihilation of Lobengula as opening up quite an El Dorado to the future colonist?"

"Without a doubt."

Mashonaland is naturally the bourne to which embryonic Stanleys are turning their eyes. So many applications have been received at the Colonial Office for employment, that it has been found necessary to prepare a circular letter in reply to such applications, in which it is stated that no engagements are being made in this country for service in South Africa in connection with the Matabele disturbances. Commissions in the Bechuanaland Border Police are in the disposal of the High Commissioner for South Africa, and troopers are recruited in that country, whither candidates for enlistment must proceed at their own expense. No additional officers are at present required, and sufficient recruits to meet the immediate requirements of the Colonial Government are already available in South Africa.



Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

MAJOR RICARDE-SEEVER.

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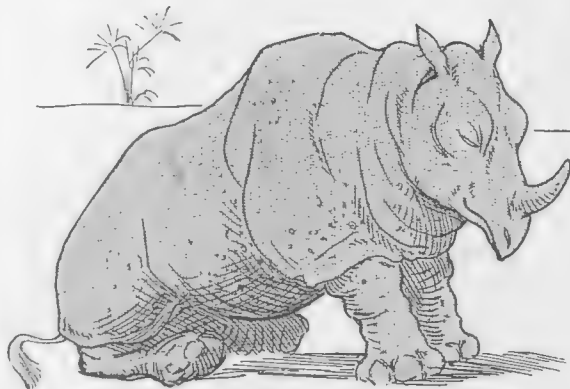
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SOMETHING FUNNY, YOU BET!

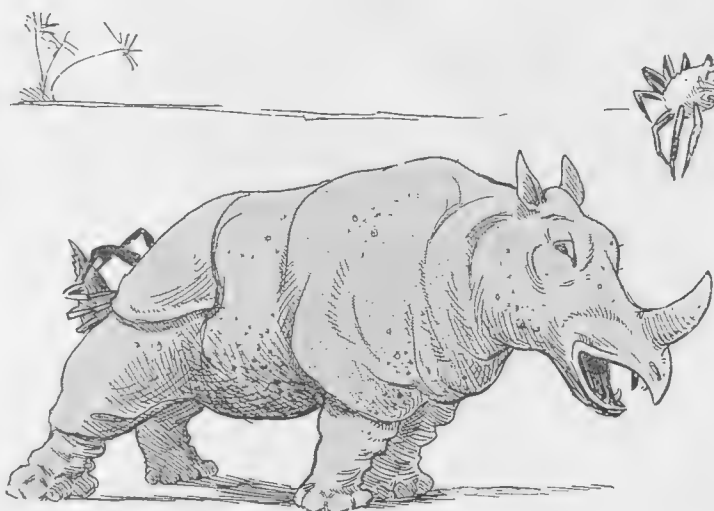




A Rhinoceros was cogitating in slumber—



When a good citizen, in the shape of Mr. Crab, finding an obstacle in the way of disposing of such vermin in one fell swoop, quietly fetched on to his tail, and tried his level best to dispose of it.



Then Rhinoceros thought that he had got a whole army of enemies to pull against.



Then he began to get livid about the face with trouble, and he began to buckjump



He tried a rush of blood to the head as a remedy—



And a moment's rest to think over a cure, when a Tortoise reminded him that he was sitting on a crab and squashing him.



Louis Wain

"Why," said Rhinoceros, realising the situation, "can't you see that I am cracking crab-shell to get at the crab? You go home to your own country!"

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"LONDON CITY SUBURBS." BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

Mr. Fitzgerald's definition of London suburbs will not be accepted by people who think the majesty of the Metropolis does not begin till it comes under the sway of the County Council. For in this book

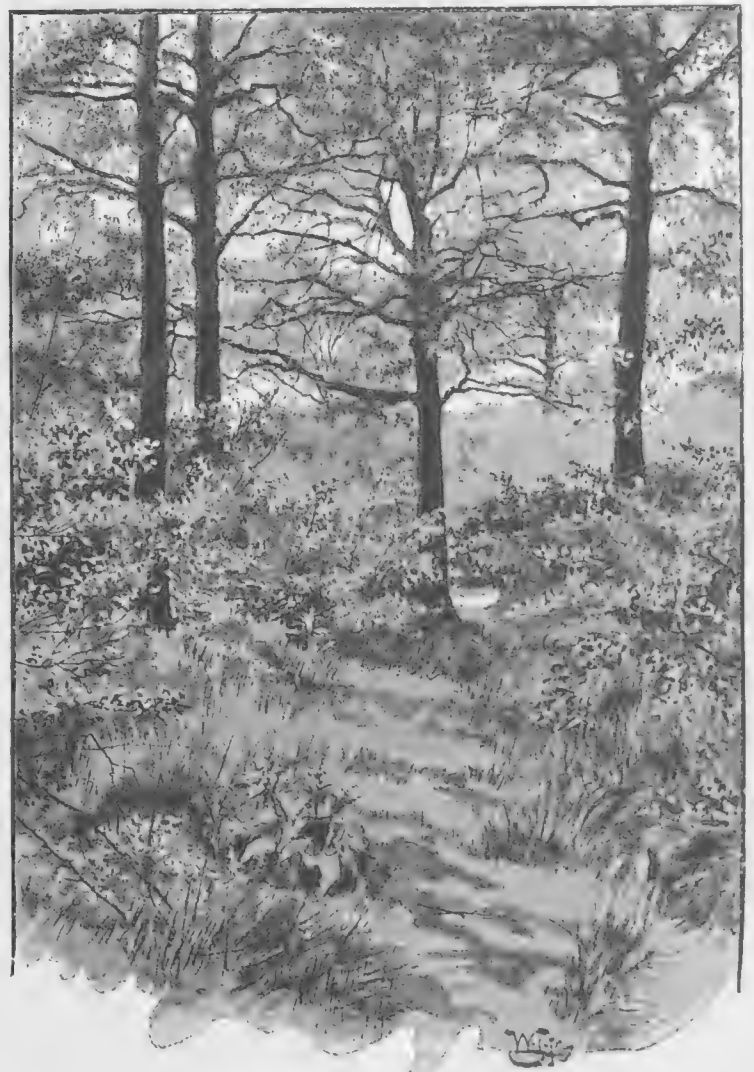


OLD HOUSES AT GREENWICH.

(Leadenhall Press) all is suburban which is not comprised within the precincts of the City. Piccadilly, for instance, is a suburb, and the beauty and opulence which dwell in Belgravia may be surprised to learn that they march to immortality in the train of the Lord Mayor and Corporation. This order of precedence enables Mr. Fitzgerald to gossip about pretty nearly everything outside the City boundaries which happens to take his fancy, and he contrives to make the suburbs stretch a considerable distance into the country on the plea that they will be gripped in time by the tentacles of the Babylonian octopus. So Mr. Fitzgerald indulges in extensive and diversified wanderings, and Mr. W. Luker, jun., makes a charming drawing wherever he chances to have an inspiration in the Home Counties. A whole series of agreeable volumes might be compiled by dividing England and Scotland into suburbs of London City, and whenever I see Mr. Fitzgerald in the street with a meditative air I fancy he is debating the propriety of pressing these suburban attractions as far as Orkney and Shetland. One advantage of the method is that Mr. Fitzgerald can break into mild reproach whenever he finds the hand of the modern bricklayer desecrating ancient memorials. He deplores the "rapacious greed" of a practical generation which seems positively to delight in uprooting venerable associations. When Macaulay was a very small boy he was much struck by the Scriptural invective: "Cursed be he who moveth his neighbour's landmark," and when one of the maid-servants thought fit to move something in the garden to which he was endeavouring to attach a mature sanctity he stood up before his parents and with great solemnity said, "Cursed be Sally." Mr. Fitzgerald appears to have this denunciation constantly in his mind during his varied pilgrimages. It might make a great impression on the public if he were occasionally to lift his voice and cry, "Cursed be the County Council." It has been decided that Lauderdale House, at Highgate, with the "well-panelled hall" which boasts a legend of Nell Gwynne and Charles II., shall be levelled, and "a brand-new, trim keeper's house erected in its room." "This," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "seems much more satisfactory to the council or committee which arranges such things. . . . Yet a few hundred pounds would put the old structure in substantial repair, whereas the new edifice will cost some two or three thousand pounds." But the hand of the spoiler is everywhere. "Soon or late, and more likely soon, there is certain to be a combined onslaught on the City churches, whose sites are coveted for palatial City warehouses, and such pressure it will be difficult to resist." Let us hasten to perform the last rites of poetry, archæology, and moral reflection over our ancient landmarks before they pass into the insatiable maw of the practical builder.

Mr. Fitzgerald deprecates the zeal of the traveller in London who said the best way to study the characteristics of a particular quarter was to sojourn in a big hotel, where you learned to distinguish the qualities of Praed Street from those of Euston Road. The infinite variety of London can be better appreciated in the course of a promenade which unfolds to you the charms of Brixton and the unsuspected delicacies of Stockwell. I know a rising sculptor in Camberwell who models his great ideas in a disused stable, and who cannot take a walk without meeting a procession of gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves, repairing, jug

in hand, to a noted spring round the corner. You would think that an artist in such an atmosphere would need to refresh himself with Mr. Fitzgerald's landmarks, to seek stimulating associations even on Primrose Hill or at Jack Straw's Castle. If Mr. Fitzgerald, whom I figure to myself as walking, ever walking, were to sit at home and model his ideas out of guide-books, how could he invest his suburbs with that charm of romance which suffuses his simplest observations, how note that brick is giving place to stone in London, and that "beetling premises," in the shape of flats, are altering the aspect of the town? How would he know that the houses at Bedford Park "seem slight, and are falling into decay," a circumstance which the dwellers have striven to shroud in æsthetic mystery? And what do the householders in Regent's Park say to this? "There must be a sad sort of placidity engendered in the denizens from perpetually gazing on the monotonous expanse of stucco terraces, and the stunted trees and shrubs, and the unhealthy-looking grass." I can see Mr. Fitzgerald gazing mournfully at a sentry outside Buckingham Palace, and hear him muttering this apostrophe: "How canst thou tell, red-coated minion, that if this monstrous building were not covered thickly with paint it would fall to cureless ruin, that it has swallowed up huge sums, that there are pictures here hidden from the public eye—seven Rembrandts, seven Rubenses, six Vandykes, nine Cuypes, three Sir Joshuas—that there are sixty state horses and seventy coaches, not to mention a pavilion in which a fresco, painted by Eastlake, Landseer, Maclise, and others, has been ruined by damp and neglect?" Who can wonder that Mr. Fitzgerald turns from this monument of royal taste and economy to muse on the chequered career of the Marble Arch and of the statue of George III., which was intended to adorn the summit of the Arch but migrated to Cockspur Street? By-the-way, people who have marvelled at the multitude and the iniquity of London statues will be interested to learn that "a certain General Strode, who lived in the last century," was in the habit of testifying his loyalty by setting up statues in squares. He set up the Duke of Cumberland in Cavendish Square, and adorned Queen Square, Bloomsbury, with Queen Charlotte. If the County Council were to use these effigies for making concrete walls—nay, if they were to pull down the Duke of York's Column—I don't think the curse which lighted on the head of Sally would be their legitimate portion.



IN HIGHGATE WOODS.

I am afraid Mr. Fitzgerald has somewhat stinted his opportunities. There is only a passing mention, a mere casual nod, as it were, for Johnson and Mrs. Thrale at Streatham, and for Turner's old house in Chelsea; we are not even told that Polly Peachum lived near Vanbrugh Castle, at Blackheath. There is the briefest and most decorous allusion to Nelson and Lady Hamilton at Merton, though Mr. Fitzgerald slyly



TURNER'S HOME.

observes of George the Third's mother that she was "so much associated with the name of Lord Bute." It must be admitted, too, that Mr. Fitzgerald does not forget the old custom of The Horns, on Highgate Hill, where the traveller was wont to swear, on alighting at the inn, that "he would never kiss the maid when he could the mistress." Is that vow registered still, or has it faded under the frown of the County Council moralists? And what is the meaning of the legend of the two sisters who "during the construction" of the church towers of Putney Bridge "passed a hammer backwards and forwards, with cries to 'Put it nigh,' and 'Heave it full home'?" These ladies must have had considerable powers of endurance and a curiously unfeminine monotony of speech. Mr. Fitzgerald recalls the singular fact that the wall of Kew Gardens was once "covered for a mile and a half with pictures of English battleships, each about 6 ft. long, with the correct name and number of guns. They were seven or eight hundred in number." The artist was a disabled sailor, and I daresay his ships were quite as good as



JACK STRAW'S CASTLE.

the military scenes executed by a private soldier in Washington's army, and still exhibited in the building which shelters the deliberations of the American Congress.

The chief charm of this handsome volume lies in the excellence and abundance of Mr. Luker's drawings, especially of rural scenery. There is only one serious omission: a portrait of Mr. Fitzgerald as he appeared when lost in Highgate Woods would have been a priceless suggestion of romance and mystery.

J. F. A.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The hospitality extended by the Ameer to the British mission is being continued in an unstinted fashion. The weather is becoming colder, but the health of the members of the mission is good.

"Made in Germany" has become a byword among the nations. "Made in India" may rival it yet. "In India's coral strand," says the *Times of India*, in a fine cynical way, "it does not need much by way of stock-in-trade to start as a wine and spirit manufacturer. A Silberger aerated-water machine, costing 150 rupees, with one cylinder of carbonic acid gas, a few bottles of flavouring essences, and a proper supply of alcohol, will make 1500 bottles of champagne of the best brand at the rate of one in thirty-five seconds, or 120 dozens in ten hours.

"A long list of wines, of the most diverse qualities, come within the scope of this machine when handled by an artist and reinforced by a showy label, and it seems that even cheap and worthless wines, with the aid of the carbonic acid gas, may be doctored and sold for a profit of 200 per cent. on the value."

An unfortunate accident has occurred in the new Australia-Canada service by the stranding of the steamer *Miowera* at Honolulu. The vessel was built at Wallsend, and had a registered tonnage of 3400.

The laying of the cable from Bundaberg, in Queensland, to New Caledonia has been completed. Sir George Dibbs defends the subsidy (£12,000 a year) to the cable on the ground that the Australian land lines benefit from French messages, and because it will also stop the influx of escaped convicts into Australia, where they largely increase the number of the criminal and dangerous classes.

The Legislative Council of New South Wales have carried, by a large majority, a motion by the Premier rescinding the resolution recently adopted in their House censuring the employment of H.M.S. *Katoomba*, of the Australian Auxiliary Squadron, during the Samoan crisis.

The capital value of all the rateable property in New South Wales is £147,720,000, as compared with £144,277,400 in 1891-2. Sydney and its suburb contribute no less than £107,074,000 of this sum.

Victoria, according to its Minister of Justice, Mr. O'Connor, has quite outgrown its laws in regard to weights and measures and the sale of coal and bread. He is to introduce a Bill on the subject.

The policeman's life is not invariably an unhappy one, for it was a member of the Victorian Mounted Police who practically discovered the turquoise in the colony. He was stationed at Hedi, in the King River district, five years ago, and his attention was called by a bushman to a blue stone which turned out to be turquoise. In conjunction with his brother and a German lapidary he began mining. There is good reason to believe that before long Australian turquoises will be competing in European markets with those that have been found from time immemorial in the famous mines of the Persian province of Khorassan.

The revenue per head raised in New Zealand from taxation proper is £3 14s. 5d. In Queensland it is £3 7s. 6d., in New South Wales £2 18s. 5d., and in Victoria only £2 14s. 5d., exactly £1 less than in New Zealand—that is to say, the colony with by far the highest duties has the least receipts per head, and the colony with the lowest duties has the heaviest receipts per head.

The steadily progressive nature of gold mining in New Zealand is illustrated by some details as to the export of gold supplied by the Collector of Customs in his annual report, recently presented to Parliament. In 1888, 3493 oz. were got, of the value of £13,099; in 1889, 15,492 oz., £58,871; 1890, 22,806 oz., £86,644; 1891, 30,311 oz., £115,182; 1892, 59,548 oz., £226,284. For the first half of the present year the value of the gold export was £146,574, the increase being £46,574, as compared with the export for the corresponding period of the previous year.

These figures, however, do not represent the full amount of the gold obtained. It is believed that no inconsiderable quantity leaves the colony without being entered at the Customs. This evasion of the law will, no doubt, continue until the Bill dealing with the export of gold is amended, so as to make smuggling a much more risky matter than it is at present.

The greatest event in the modern history of New Zealand is the Treaty of Waitangi, by which the Maori chiefs, in 1840, acknowledged British supremacy, and the colony was planted by the New Zealand Land Company, the settlements of Wellington, Nelson, Otago, and Canterbury being formed. An Auckland artist, Mr. Steel, has been commissioned to paint a picture of the scene, to be placed in the library of the House of Representatives of the colony. A photo engraving of the original is to be published, for which many of the leading Maori chiefs are said to be contributing. Curiously enough, a gentleman, Mr. Henry T. Kemp, who was present at the signing of the treaty, and who afterwards made the first complete copy for Downing Street under the personal supervision of the Governor, Captain Hobson, and who also, thirty years or more ago, was Native Secretary and Commissioner, is acting as honorary secretary at Auckland.

THE LONDON SKETCH CLUBS' SHOW.

Sketch clubs, as a rule, do not combine among themselves. Each particular club looks on every other as a very inferior organisation, and the members, generally speaking, hold religiously aloof from one another. But, owing largely to the exertions of Mr. J. K. Sadler, they have been induced to enter into competition among themselves, and the results were exhibited at the Society of British Artists on Oct. 5 and 6. Mr. Wyke Bayliss presented the prizes and delivered an address, and the modest little show went off with a bang. During the second day there was a continual stream of visitors, not members of the general public, but exhibitors and their friends. The giddy girl students, bubbling over with pleasure and excitement, scurried about the rooms in twos and threes, stopping occasionally with muffled exclamations of delight, disparaging grimaces, or contemptuous giggles. With the girl student there is no half-way house on the road to excellence—a picture was either “sweet” or “silly”—and the incomprehensibility of her system of classification was only equalled by the serene confidence with which she expressed her opinion.

Some few of the men turned up in those wonderful hats which the average art student always imagines is the great trade-mark of his profession, but most had managed to borrow a topper from somewhere; some had even achieved a frock-coat, and in that unaccustomed garb assumed striking, if not imposing, attitudes in front of their own pictures. A few—these were generally the men in the hats—made the tour of the place, criticising loudly for the benefit of their neighbours, and showing unlimited knowledge, if not of art, at any rate of the technical terms of criticism. And sometimes two men would meet and congratulate each other on the beautiful piece of work they had sent in, and say to one another, “Seen the first prize?” and snigger, bitterly and disparagingly, and shrug their shoulders as if the vagaries of the judges were things they could suffer but not attempt to fathom. Going round the room you would hear interesting little scraps of conversation.

“What do you think of it?” says one young fellow to two friends he has evidently brought over to see his picture. Both survey it intently, and with a look of judicial impartiality.

“Ah!” says one—a long-drawn “ah,” as if the deep thirst of his soul had been quenched by the view—“Ah, that is! What do you say, Fred?”

“By Jove, I should think so,” says Fred, with an unaccountable air of relief, befitting a man on whom the solution of a great difficulty has suddenly dawned. The delighted painter drags the two hypocrites away to expatiate on the manifest inferiority of the prize drawing; he will stand lunch for them by-and-by in return for their “criticism,”

unless some faint gleam of suspicion dawns on him that they have not been absolutely candid with him.

“No, no,” says another voice; “it’s an impression. Don’t go too close. Stand about four yards away, and half-shut your eyes; then you’ll like it.”

“Haw, haw!” responds the voice of the Vandal; “if I want to like a picture like that, the best thing is to go in the next street and quite shut my eyes.”

To come to the pictures themselves. The subjects for illustration this year were “Sunshine and Shadow” for landscape; “Chivalry,” or any subject from Tennyson, for figure; any drawing of animals. There was practically nothing showing originality, either in design or execution; here and there were attempts at it; but it usually consisted of imitating the originality of some other man, while others were evidently inspired by a determination to be extraordinary at any cost. The landscapes were a long way in front of the figure drawings. There was quite a large proportion of really admirable works—well-chosen subjects, cleverly composed pictures, faithfully drawn; but over and over again these otherwise charming little sketches failed in the most important particular. “Shadow” there was, but only a feeble apology for “sunshine.” There was brightness and strong light in contrast with shade; but it was light without heat; there was no sun.

Taken altogether, the figure drawings were poor; one cannot help wondering how the club secretaries could have let their men send in some of the fearful and wonderful productions that appeared. There was a curious run on two or three subjects. “The Mermaid” and “Elaine” struggled for second place, but “The Lady of Shalott” was easily first.

Heatherley’s Club took first place, and most deservedly. Their exhibit contained the prize “Sunshine and Shadow” drawing—a cornfield with fine painting in the shade with a great patch of burning sun—one of the few pictures in which the sunshine looked hot. The first prize for “Chivalry” was a conventional piece of decoration: a pompous procession of knights, with crowd accompanying, wonderfully striking, painted in brilliant colour and finely harmonising reds, and really excellent drawing. Next to this was the best bit of figure drawing in the whole show, “The Daydream.”

The “Garret Club,” in the second prize landscape drawing, showed a painting that ran the first prize work very closely; indeed, it must have been a difficult question to decide between the two. This is a flaring hot landscape; the sun glares on the tree, on the ripened bent in the grass, on the sheep, on the red roofs in the distance. The shadow of the big tree on the right is put in in masterly fashion: strong dark green; altogether a fine work.

The R.A. show was very disappointing. It contained, perhaps, the best “Mermaid” drawing; there was, too, a very sunny drawing of farm buildings, with pool of water in foreground, and a simple sketch of a woman standing among corn stubble.

There were five landscapes in the South Kensington collections—three water-colours, two in oils, all very good; the best being a water-colour of a cornfield (there was quite a run on cornfields; evidently the competitors had made good use of their summer holidays), with dark trees at back, and an oil of beech-trees.

From Wimbledon Art College was a painting of a wood with bright sky seen through the trees, and a girl with red parasol; not a success, but showing good work, and a plucky attempt at a difficult subject.

The second prize Tennyson drawing in the St. John’s Wood exhibit showed the inevitable “Elaine,” very poetic, and showing much feeling. There was, too, a bold drawing of a millwheel, and a fine sketch showing hill with dark red cloud shadow on it; but the foreground, though light, was not sunny. Here, too, was one of the best water-colours in the show—an old-fashioned village street, very cleanly and confidently drawn.

Other drawings were, a very plucky water of horses in the Gilbert Club show, and stacks in a cornfield, cleverly painted in subdued bronze and green; in the Camden, a corner of a courtyard, with charming sloping shadows and window painted in masterly fashion; a shady underwood, with burning gleams of sun breaking through the network of boughs on to the dead red leaves of last year; a cart with haystack, barn, and trees, good colour all through, and a clever little jotting of horses under a tree. These three last were in the Lambeth exhibit.



Some lady students.



“There, old man, that’s mine.”
“What? That!”



“Now, Amelia!”

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

It is surely a unique honour for one man to be president of two sections of sport at either 'Varsity. C. B. Fry, the champion long jumper, is president of the athletic section and also of the Association football at Oxford. The chances are that he will also be elected captain of the cricket eleven next season. If he should achieve this distinction, I fancy that it will be without precedent. He is truly an Admirable Crichton of sport.

From what I can hear, I doubt whether Rugbyists at Oxford University will be quite as strong as last season. The captaincy of the team will probably lie between C. Cookson and J. Conway-Rees. In the Soccer division, however, the Dark Blues should turn out a particularly strong eleven. Last year the Oxonians fell into a pretty, short passing style of play, and met with considerable success. Among the old hands, G. O. Smith, W. G. Oakley, R. J. Salt, G. B. Raikes, and C. B. Fry will form the nucleus of what should be a powerful team.

With the students on the banks of the Cam football matters are just the other way about. The Rugger section, with Willie Neilson at its head, is likely to be stronger even than last season. He will have associated with him on either wing Gowans and Robertson. Is it not passing strange that the whole of the Light Blue three-quarter line should be made up of Scotchmen? Among the Freshmen who aspire to Rugby honours is W. G. Grace, son of the G.O.M. of cricket. Judging from the poor start which the Light Blue Associationists made against a weak team of Casuals, the prospects of the Cambridge eleven are not bright. T. N. Perkins, however, will, no doubt, do his utmost with the material at hand.

Up to date, the two principal metropolitan clubs, Blackheath and London Scottish, have been occupied chiefly in slaughtering the innocents and running up their goal record. There will be nothing of great moment in London till Blackheath and London Scottish meet on Nov. 4. This match is always one of the events of the season, for the rivalry between those two clubs extends over many years, and always partakes of an international character. It is well known that Blackheath has the pick of the amateur talent of England, and draws its members freely from the leading schools and 'Varsities. In the same way, London Scottish is really a rendezvous for Scottish talent everywhere. So far as can be seen at present, Blackheath are not quite up to last season's strength, and the loss of their captain, Howard Marshall, through injuries, is almost irreparable. It is true they have several brilliant youngsters, but their form against the second-class clubs with which they have recently been engaged must not be taken as an example of what they are likely to do against men of the calibre of the London Scottish. I am speaking now of the back division. Perhaps, once more A. E. Stoddart will come to the rescue of his club. A man of his experience would be invaluable at this critical time. With Blass, Maturin, and probably De Winton to call upon, the half-back line should be pretty strong. Forward I think the Heathens are all right—at any rate, they should be more than equal to the Scottish scrummagers. Where the Scottish will have the pull will be at three-quarter back, as there is no such galaxy of talent in any other club in England. One has only to mention the names of Campbell, McGregor, Jardine, and Gedge, or, failing any of these, there is the Cambridge three-quarter line to fall back upon. If the Scottish cannot win the first of the bi-annual matches, I am afraid it will be due to a weakness forward.

Who would have expected to see clubs like Manningham and Liversedge leading in the Yorkshire Competition, with clubs of the fame of Bradford and Huddersfield not far from the bottom of the list? The ways of football are peculiar, but it is not fortune alone that is responsible for the present position of the clubs in the Yorkshire Competition. Bradford are extremely weak this season, while Huddersfield have played shockingly bad football.

Although neither Salford nor Swinton is at the top of the Lancashire Competition, I have no doubt that long before the struggle closes both of these clubs will occupy a front place. It is also safe to prophesy that Wigan will run those two clubs hard, and Oldham will probably give all three a lot of trouble.

I am afraid that Sheffield United have now got too big a start in the Football League to be easily caught up. This by reason of the fact that the clubs next to it—Burnley, Aston Villa, and West Bromwich—are not generally supposed to be consistent in well-doing. If Preston North End, Sunderland, or Everton had been close up, then one would have said it was only a question of time when the leaders would be overhauled, but, with these three clubs doing so badly, I confess that the prospects of Sheffield United for premier position are exceedingly rosy.

Of course, accidents do happen in the best regulated clubs, and it is just possible that there will be a shifting and a shaking in the relative

positions of the League clubs before long. If, however, there be anything in football form at all, Sheffield United ought to come out at or about the top of the League list.

I had a chat with Tom Watson, the secretary of the Sunderland Club, the other day. He is still confident that his team will be able to make up leeway and finish first in the League for the third year in succession. It is, of course, part of the business of a secretary to be sanguine about his own little lot, and if Sunderland do manage to catch the Blades of Sheffield it will be a great feat, considering their heavy handicap. Mr. Watson thinks his club have met with a lot of ill luck, and in one or two instances he thinks they have been refereed out of their matches. Considering the many kicks and the few halfpence referees receive, the wonder is that any man can be got to accept that thankless position.

Next Saturday Sunderland should secure a couple of points by defeating Derby County. On the same day a great fight should be seen at Everton, where Preston North End are guests. Both clubs have been showing very in-and-out form; but I fancy the advantage of ground will be sufficient to turn victory in Everton's direction. Aston Villa ought to be able to take a couple of points out of Burnley; but I doubt whether Stoke, even with advantage of ground, will be able to beat Blackburn Rovers. The match at Sheffield between the United and West Bromwich Albion should be a gift for the home team; but the other Sheffield club, the Wednesday, will probably find their progress barred at Notts by the Foresters. If Darwen cannot beat Bolton Wanderers at home they will not be worth much, and the same may be said of the Wolves, who will have a visit from Newton Heath.

Another case of heroism in a footballer. W. F. Lucas, a young medical man, who died of diphtheria caught from a patient in Middlesex Hospital, was well known among London footballers as one of the half-backs of the Lennox club. He was performing an operation on a child, and caught the disease through the patient throwing out part of the expectation on the doctor's face. This occurred at a critical moment, and rather than endanger the child's life the brave fellow allowed the virus to work into his blood. His death, which was the result of a self-sacrificing act of devotion to duty, cut short a most brilliant career, as he was the holder of an important post in the hospital. Among footballers he was an immense favourite.

CYCLING.

The newspapers ought to keep a headline standing, "Cycling Records Day by Day." Harris has recently added three new records to his list—at a mile and a-half, a mile and three-quarters, and two miles. The latter distance has now been reduced to 4 min. 20 sec., beating the previous best by 4 3-5 sec. The following are the latest new records that have been passed by the N.C.U. Committee, and now hold a place on the statute-book. It is noteworthy that they have all been made on the Herne Hill track, which has been an unqualified success—

Safety Bicycle.—Quarter-mile (f.s.), A. W. Harris, Sept. 22, 1893. Quarter-mile, A. W. Harris, Sept. 6, 1893. Half-mile, A. W. Harris, Sept. 14, 1893. Three-quarters and one mile, A. W. Harris, Sept. 1, 1893. Two miles, G. E. Osmond, Aug. 18, 1893. Four to eleven, and thirteen to twenty-five miles, and one hour, J. W. Stocks, Aug. 28, 1893 (at date). Three to sixty-three miles, and one and two hours, J. W. Stocks, Aug. 30, 1893. 120 to 420 miles, and six to twenty-four hours, F. W. Shorland, July 21 and 22, 1893.

Tandem Safety.—Quarter (f.s.), quarter, half, three-quarters, and one mile, G. E. Osmond and R. G. Merry, Aug. 24, 1893 (at date). Quarter (f.s.), A. W. Harris and J. Aram, Sept. 21, 1893. One mile, G. E. Osmond and R. G. Merry, Sept. 14, 1893. Two to five miles, and six to twenty-five miles, and one hour, A. F. and R. S. Ilsley, July 27, 1893, and Aug. 1, 1893 (at date). Two to twenty-seven miles, and one hour, G. E. Osmond and J. W. Stocks, Sept. 1, 1893.

SOME SCENES IN THE COAL STRIKE.

The straits to which the coal-miners have been reduced have been pitiable indeed. One of the most extraordinary incidents of the tedious struggle occurred at the Howe Bridge Collieries, Lancashire, where Messrs. Burrows and Co. gave the strikers permission to pick coal on the large expanse of shale or dirt heaps. No sooner was leave granted than a crowd of men, women, and children, variously estimated at from 4000 to 6000, were to be seen eagerly picking up as much coal as could possibly be found, and selling it at a price equal to prevailing quotations before the lock-out commenced. In this way some of the miners were able to make as much as five or eight shillings per day. In most cases the miners and their wives who have been picking on the heap have had to be there before daybreak, in order to get what they considered a good position, and some poor fellows, who have not been as fortunate as their brethren in selling what they got on the previous day, have sat during the silent watches of the night, keeping ward over it, lest it might be stolen in the morning. The vehicles used to cart the coal away beggar all description—coal-carts, luries, fish-carts, costermongers' barrows, bassinettes, and hand-carts—in fact, anything that would run on wheels.



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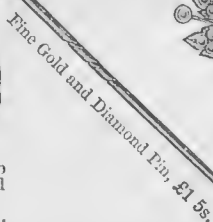
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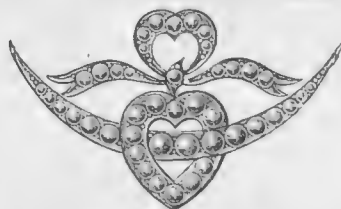
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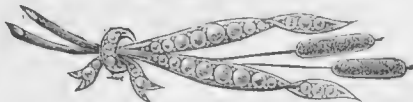
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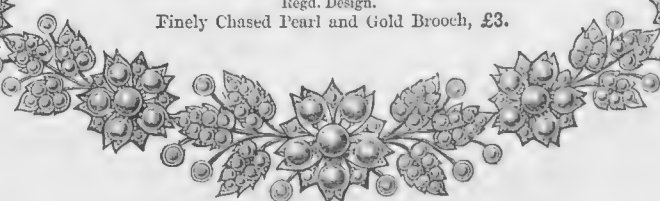
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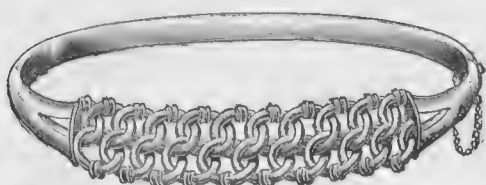
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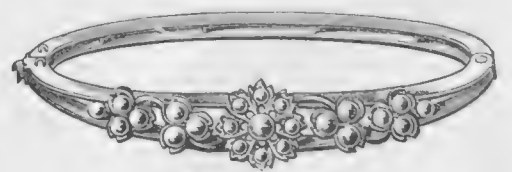
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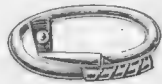


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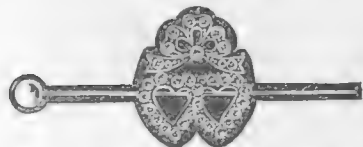
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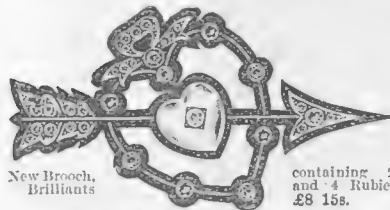
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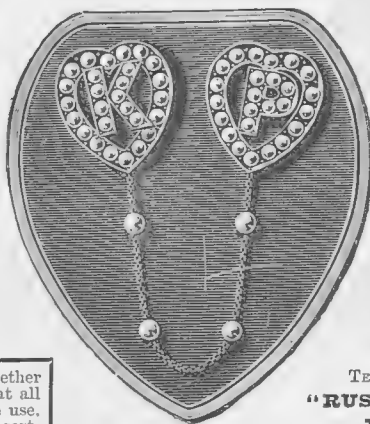
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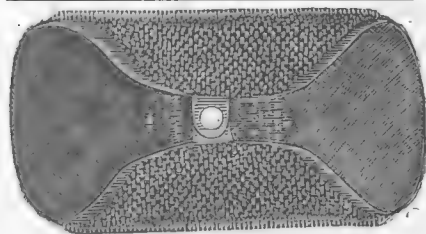
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THE COAL STRIKE: COAL PICKERS AT WORK.

From Photographs by Robert Leigh, Bedford.



RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I am glad to see a livelier interest taken in hurdle racing and steeple-chasing, and there is now a prospect of having some sensible laws passed to govern the sport. At the same time, it is a pity that representative men like Mr. A. Yates, Captain Bewicke, and one or two others, are not asked to join the committee. Mr. Yates has taken a practical interest in the sport for years, first an amateur rider, then as the director of a large racing stable, and latterly he has undertaken the post of steward at several meetings. Captain Bewicke, too, as an owner and rider, could tell the committee not only the right thing to do, but how to do it. The majority of the members of the National Hunt Committee take little active interest in the sport, and not one in five of them owns any jumpers: thus the want of enthusiasm that has hitherto been shown by that body.

An active worker in the Press-box at race meetings is Mr. John Harris, or "Jack," as his familiar friends know him. Mr. Harris has



Photo by G. Secretan, Tufnell Park Road, N.
MR. J. HARRIS.

for many years followed the race meetings, and, indeed, the family have been connected with sporting journalism for a very long time. Mr. Harris's uncle wrote as "Meteor" in the *Daily News*, while his brother Harry, who died some years since, was a well-known racing reporter. Mr. "Jack" Harris is a leading member of the *Sportsman* staff. He is a hard worker, and capable on a pinch of doing duty for three or four ordinary reporters. Readers of racing news little think what has to be gone through by the Press representatives on the course before the matter is even ready for publication. All the weights have to be verified, the jockeys names obtained, the betting, and last, though not least, a faithful description of the race. Mr. Harris

can cover all the ground referred to easily, and, in addition, he can turn out a very interesting column on racing: as a prognosticator he has always been highly successful.

Although we have any number of young amateur aspirants to fame in the saddle, it is a pity that so many of the old hands have retired. True, Mr. Arthur Coventry dons silk occasionally, but his duties as starter are too onerous to admit of his being often seen in the saddle. The Hon. George Lambton does not now take part in races, preferring to manage a stable of horses. Major E. R. Owen has his military duties to attend to, so has Captain Barry. On the other hand, Lord Marcus Beresford has plenty of leisure, and I should like to see him riding a winner once more. Mr. D. Thirlwell, after having retired, has once more returned to the pigskin, and we have a new recruit in Lord Shrewsbury, who sits a horse very well indeed. Mr. H. Milner and his brother-in-law, Lord Durham, have ridden in flat races, so have Mr. Lowe and Captain E. W. Baird, but these gentlemen do not trouble the starter now.

What becomes of all the bred horses? I sold one for £20 to carry a huntsman, another, a mare, fetched £26, and his destination was the shafts of a London cab, and methinks many of the twenty-pounders ultimately find their way to the cab rank. Sometimes, though not often, a course of road work does a horse good. Tom Jennings is said to have driven Recollection in his trap. Mr. Joe Davis, some few years back, drove one of his jumpers, Giesshubler, all the summer, and the horse came out again and won several races. Then, again, Mr. C. Lane, who owned Gladstone and other horses, was a large 'bus proprietor at Birmingham, and it was said that many of his racehorses were often driven in a 'bus, and that the treatment answered well, especially in the case of Gladstone, who won several good jumping contests. The road is a capital training-ground for horses that are under the least suspicion, as it hardens their legs.

Bradford, whose fame as a jockey has spread to every part of the globe where Englishmen reside, will have served his apprenticeship by the end of the present year. His chief master next season will be Sir John B. Maple. Soon after Bradford came to the front tempting offers were made to Tom Jennings to cancel the lad's indentures, but the Phantom House trainer would not consent to such a proceeding. He has looked after Bradford with great care.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Oct. 21, 1893.

The Bank return is again satisfactory, and money remains plentiful and cheap. The highest class of Home and Colonial securities have been in some demand during the week, and the success of the Western Australian Loan makes this month a very satisfactory one from the colonist's point of view.

The weekly traffics of the Home lines again present heavy declines, headed, as usual, by the Midland with a decrease of £57,850. We wish we could say that the past week was the last in which such disastrous results were to be expected. The market has, on the whole, not been unsatisfactory, and the real wonder is that stocks have not suffered more under the circumstances.

Among International securities there is no salient feature to report. The gold premium in the Argentine remains at about the same figure as when last we wrote to you; but, inasmuch as the wheat crop and the wool clip both promise well, there seems to us every prospect of prosperity returning to the republic, always assuming, of course, that no fresh political disturbance upsets all calculations. The railways should especially benefit from the excellent season. In Brazil the struggle continues, and no one on this side has any trustworthy information as to the true position or the chances of the contending parties. We fear that holders of Brazilian securities must make up their minds to wait with patience until some form of settled government is re-established in the country, and must meanwhile judge for themselves on which side their hopes are to be centred. Signor Giolitti, the Italian Premier, delivered on the 18th inst. an important speech upon the financial position of the peninsula, in which the firm determination to make receipts balance expenditure is kept in the forefront. This is the way of Prime Ministers, and must not be too severely accepted; but we have no doubt that Italy will strain every effort to maintain her credit, and that, short of a European war, the holders of Italian Government stocks are for the present secure against default.

The American Railway market responds to every rumour from Washington in a remarkable manner, showing how completely the silver question is the real key to the future course of prices. The spectacle of a minority of the Senate commanding the stock markets of New York and London is not an edifying one, but the fact is none the less self-evident, and if you wish, dear Sir, to speculate in Yankee rails you must be a "bull" or a "bear," according to the opinion you may hold of the outcome of the Washington struggle.

The chairman of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China has been indulging in some strong remarks about the action of the Indian Government in refusing to coin silver which was on the water at the time of the inauguration of the late legislation, and, no doubt, he found a very sympathetic audience among his shareholders; but the truth is that the report of Lord Herschell's Committee was common property for weeks before the Indian Government took action, and that large quantities of silver were shipped with full knowledge of the probable action of the Executive. What a monstrous thing it would have been if the Indian Government had accepted the silver of European speculators, and refused that of the poor natives! We believe the whole thing to have been a gigantic mistake, but to have adopted the course which the Indian banks suggested would have been little less than a swindle on the inhabitants of India.

You say, dear Sir, that we never tell you anything about the position and prospects of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, in which you are interested. Had we suspected you were a holder of this company's securities, we would have given you our views before. Pray accept our apologies. The half-yearly report and accounts up to June 30 last are now made public, but the real interest, as you say, is not in the past—however miserable it may be—but in the immediate future. The late traffics have shown results which were quite unexpected three or four months ago, and our view of the half-year now current is that in all probability the interest on the guaranteed stock will be earned and paid in full. It is possible, but by no means probable, that there will be a surplus to give the first preference stock any taste of dividend. The guaranteed stock at about 68 cannot be considered dear, but for our own money we prefer Canadian Pacific Ordinary at anything below 76, for this line, at any rate, is not controlled by the Tyler gang.

The reconstruction scheme of the Industrial and General Trust still excites both the great daily papers and the financial press. The more the directors' proposals are examined, the more does the necessity for a proper examination make itself self-evident. All sorts of legal questions will inevitably spring up, and, as far as our knowledge goes, no explanation can be suggested of the proposal to liquidate the present company and hand over its assets to a new one, whose registration alone will cost £3000 in fees, except that a desperate remedy is necessary to wipe out all danger of personal responsibility. We do not believe the scheme will be carried on Monday next, and we know that if it is pushed through, litigation of a large and desperate character will be the result.

The speech of the chairman of Daltry and Co. at the meeting on the 17th inst. was very satisfactory, and the story he had to tell immediately made itself felt upon the market price of the shares and debentures. All round the Australian position is rapidly improving, and the price of Bank of Australasia shares and other first-class concerns is an index of returning public confidence.

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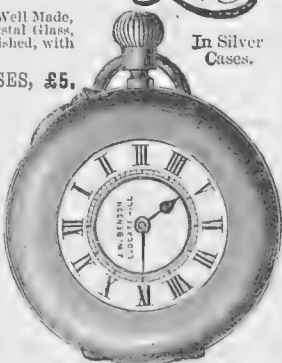
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MEMORIES OF ST. PAUL'S.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DEAN'S VERGER.

Deans, canons, prebendaries may come and go, but "Green," like Tennyson's laughing brook, goes on for ever.



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.
MR. R. R. GREEN.

And "Green" you all—yes, every one of you—ought to know, if you have—as, of course, you have—been at St. Paul's. Not know the lithe figure, the blithe face, the cheery word of the Dean's Verger of St. Paul's! Bah, 'tis impossible!

Many a little chat have I had with him, and I'm going to jot down here the things he told me at something approaching a formal interview we had not long ago.

To express the truth, Mr. Robert R. Green is a hard man to interview, chiefly on account of his obstinate modesty. He is a Lincolnshire man—proud of the fact, too—coming from the picturesque village of Braceborough, near Stamford.

He is over seventy, but as fresh and brisk as a breeze across one of the wolds of his native county. It is forty-one years last month since Mr. Green entered the service of St. Paul's, and for many of those years now he has been Dean's Verger. By Dean's Verger is meant the man in charge, and what the Cathedral would be without Mr. Green, or Mr. Green without the Cathedral, goodness only knows. His little house at Amen Court is so near the Cathedral that, practically, he is never outside the boom of the full-mouthed bell. And in the sitting-room of his little house he has a thousand evidences of his life in St. Paul's, pictures of Cathedral celebrities, for instance, and a beautiful clock and service of silver plate, the gift of Cathedral friends when he completed twenty-five years' service among them.

"Since I came to St. Paul's," he told me, "there have been four Archbishops of Canterbury—Sumner, Longley, Tait, and now Dr. Benson; four Bishops of London—Bloomfield, Tait (who subsequently became Archbishop of Canterbury), Jackson, and now Dr. Temple; four Deans of St. Paul's—Milman, Mansel, Church, and now Dean Gregory."

"Of archdeacons and canons you have known many; tell me some of the most notable?"

"Archdeacon Claughton, who had been Bishop of Colombo; Canon Melville, Archdeacon Hale; Dr. Villiers, who, from being one of our canons, became Bishop of Carlisle, and then Bishop of Durham; Canon Champneys, afterwards Dean of Lichfield; Canon Dale, subsequently appointed Dean of Rochester, though he did not live to take over the duties of his new office; Dr. Stubbs, who left to be Bishop of Chester, and is now Bishop of Oxford—these are some of the men who have been in the Cathedral in my time. I need hardly mention Dr. Liddon, of whom I once heard Mr. Gladstone say that he was the greatest preacher of the day."

"Does the G.O.M., then, come often to St. Paul's?"

"Not now, but at one time he was a pretty regular attendant. He liked our music, and he liked our service, and he liked the unnoticedness, if I may express it so, obtainable in a large place like St. Paul's. On one occasion, I remember, I took him up to the organ gallery, where he sat, and he said he recalled quite well being in the Cathedral with his father and mother when only five years old. So I understood him, and everybody knows his remarkable memory."

"Do any other distinguished worshippers occur to you?"

"Oh, many. Time after time I have met the Princess of Wales and her daughters at the west door, and taken them to one of the retired boxes beside the choir. So with the Duke of Connaught and other members of the Royal Family. The Marquis of Salisbury I have several times seen, and the Marchioness very often. But, indeed, as you can imagine, the list of notable people attending St. Paul's is quite endless."

"As to great events at St. Paul's, what have been the principal ones during your long period of service?"

"The two principal were the Duke of Wellington's funeral, in November 1852, and the thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, in February 1872. These events were wholly different, one betokening sorrow, the other gladness, and each was very remarkable. Wellington's funeral was, in a way, my introduction to St. Paul's, since

it took place a few months after I joined. It was a cold day, a true November day, the day of the funeral, but, nevertheless, ladies in their carriages were at the doors of the Cathedral as early as eight o'clock in the morning. At this time the upholsterers had not finished the preparations for the funeral; they could still be heard, tapping, tapping away. Just after eight the doors were opened, and in a very little time the whole place was crammed."

"I suppose the thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales was almost as imposing?"

"Oh, yes. In this case again the Cathedral was more than crammed, and likewise an enormous number of people were gathered outside. We had a special pew for the Royal Family, and Dean Church received her Majesty at the west door. To prepare for the thanksgiving service, as for the Wellington funeral, it was necessary for a considerable time in advance to suspend the services in the Cathedral. When the Duke of Clarence died, as when the Prince Consort died, and, as on other like occasions, I pulled the first stroke of the great bell in the Cathedral."

"Let me ask you now what the present attendance at service in St. Paul's is like, compared with the attendance forty years ago?"

"Ever so much greater; then it was nothing like what it is to-day. When I came to the Cathedral the services were held in the choir, which would hold about eighteen hundred people. Except on very special occasions, we never had service in the dome, where there are now seats for two thousand and standing room for ever so many. Moreover, in the olden days there were only two services, morning and afternoon, while now we have four and six services a day. Service was changed to the dome in the year 1858, and to the first evening service, for long, there came crowds that could not be accommodated. Dr. Villiers was one of the first to suggest an evening service, and Dean Milman agreed with him. Up to 1872 the evening service was only for three months in the year, from Advent to Easter. In 1872 the Sunday evening service became permanent, and there is always a big congregation for it."

"St. Paul's being so large, is it possible for the bulk of the congregation to follow the preacher?"

"Preachers who are strangers often say to me, 'I am told to preach towards Sir Joshua Reynolds—is that so.' I tell them it is so. Undoubtedly a preacher's voice carries best in the Cathedral if he preaches directly towards the statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds. If a preacher forgets that and turns his head to the right or the left, the effect is at once apparent in the carrying power of his voice to the mass of the congregation. I have stood right at the foot of the Reynolds statue and heard the voice from the pulpit quite clearly. People asking me where they could hear I have directed to that point, but I doubt if they have always taken my advice. Still, the advice is the best."

"Is it the strongest voice which is most clearly heard?"

"Not at all. If a preacher asks me for any advice, I say, 'Speak just as you would speak in your own church.' St. Paul's has a pitch, and it's the voice coming nearest this pitch which is heard most clearly."



MR. GREEN'S HOUSE IN AMEN COURT.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Fashions may come and fashions may go, but the blouse goes on for ever, and this week I sing its praises with a grateful heart, bearing in mind the many occasions on which it has transformed a plain and not always presentable gown into a smart and becoming costume, or

The third blouse is a distinct novelty, and is to all intents and purposes a bodice, for it is made to fit quite closely to the figure, thus doing away with the necessity for a waistband—an advantage which those who have a pretty figure to display will appreciate to the full. The material used is black satin, with a very pretty fancy stripe in white, and it is made with double shoulder capes and double basques, each of which, with the collar and cuffs, is edged with a double piping, the waist-line being outlined in the same way. It is altogether the smartest thing in the way of blouses which I have ever seen, and the introduction of the fashionable basques is eminently successful: I advise you to lose no time in inspecting it.

But there was one other which was a perfect marvel of cheapness, in addition to being delightfully pretty and eminently smart. It was of white serpentine gauze, prettily draped in front, the elbow sleeves being formed of three frills, each one edged with a row of black baby ribbon, while a band of black ribbon came from under the arms, crossed in front, and tied behind in the quaintest and prettiest manner possible. A choux of gauze and baby ribbon, which was placed on each shoulder, gave a perfect finishing touch to a really charming little garment. But the best is yet to come, for the price, contrary to the general rule, is an additional recommendation, being only twenty-nine shillings, a sum which will astonish you all the more when you see the blouse, and find out how perfectly it is made and finished off in every way.

Enthusiasm is always exhausting, so by the time that I had fallen in love with all these blouses in succession I felt that I had come to the end of my ideas and my adjectives, and could only be revived by the cup of tea beloved by all women. I was especially glad, therefore, to find that the latest addition to Peter Robinson's establishment was a prettily fitted-up refreshment-room, where ladies tired out by the somewhat fatiguing fascinations of shopping can enjoy particularly delicious fare at exceptionally low prices, for Mr. Peter Robinson has only started this refreshment-room as a convenience to his customers and not as a source of revenue to himself. At present you can get tea or coffee and most delicious cake, and if you want a light lunch there are a number of tasty delicacies, such as cold chicken, tongue, &c. When the cold weather comes you will be able to warm yourselves up by means of hot soup.



covered the shortcomings of a skirt which has lost its pristine freshness, to say nothing of the times when, by its aid, an ordinary day gown has been converted into a very passable evening toilette for theatre wear. That you will all join in the chorus, I am well assured.

Therefore, I always have a very justifiable weakness for blouses in general, but this sudden and special outburst of enthusiasm was called forth by the sight of some specially attractive and novel representatives of the great blouse family, to which I had the pleasure of being introduced the other day at Peter Robinson's, in Regent Street. I now want to perform the ceremony of introduction myself, as I consider that the sooner you make their personal acquaintance the better; in fact, I am sure that you will not have cause to regret their admittance into the close intimacy of your wardrobe.

Let me ask you, then, first to look at their counterfeit presentments, and then to listen to what I have to say as to their individual merits. One of those for evening wear is of soft white silk, fastened round the waist with a folded band, finishing off in a bow at the left side. There is a pretty little pointed vest, both at the back and in the front, of black silk, arranged in tiny tucks, and the square zouaves, which form a transparent yoke at the back, are of fine black lace, the short, puffed sleeves being of the silk. It is a wonderfully effective combination, as I think you will allow. The other, which is somewhat simpler, but equally pretty in a different way, is of silver-grey silk, finished off round the neck with a soft ruche of the silk and a deep, full frill of black lace, which falls over the full, puffed sleeves, which, in their turn, have gracefully hanging frills of lace falling from the elbow. The waistband is fastened at the side with a natty little rosette.



[Continued on page 701.]

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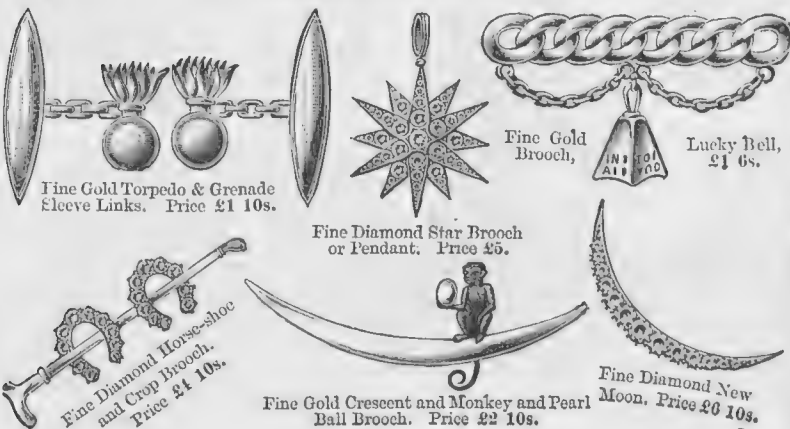
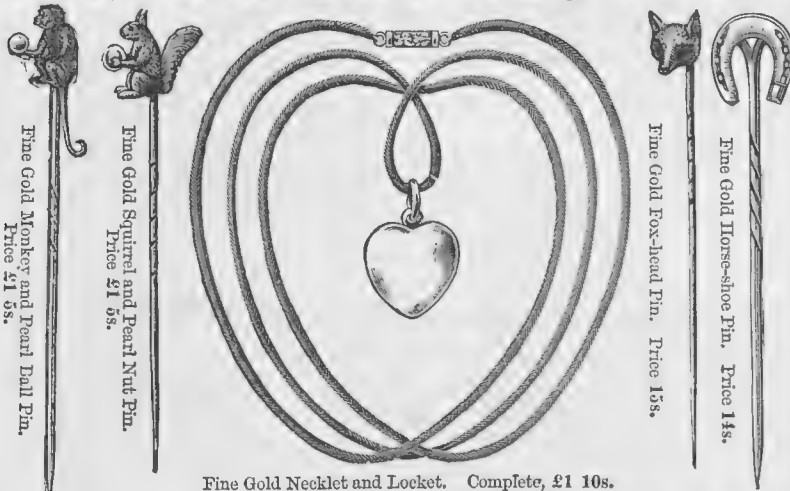
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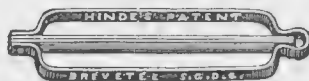
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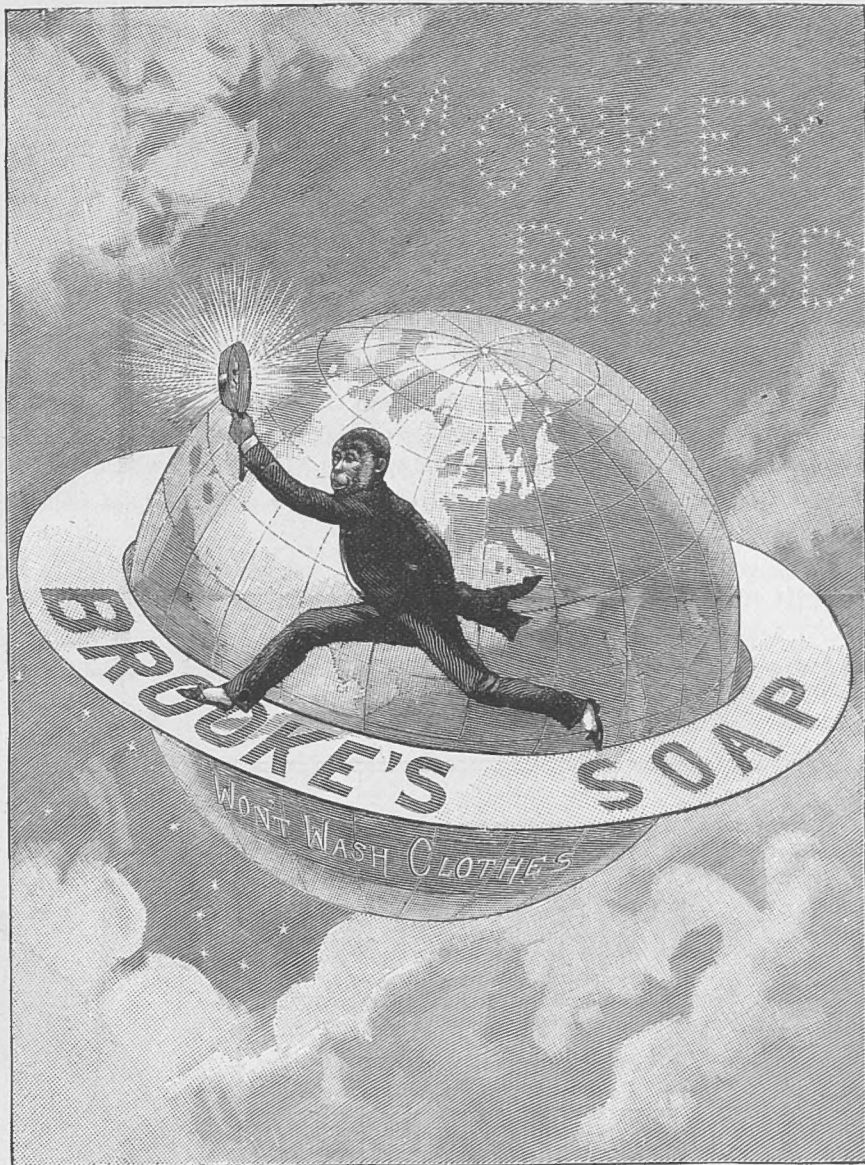
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